

910
CT.

JUL 9

SOLDIERS

of FORTUNE

FIGHTING YANKS WAGE WAR!

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a
**ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!**

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



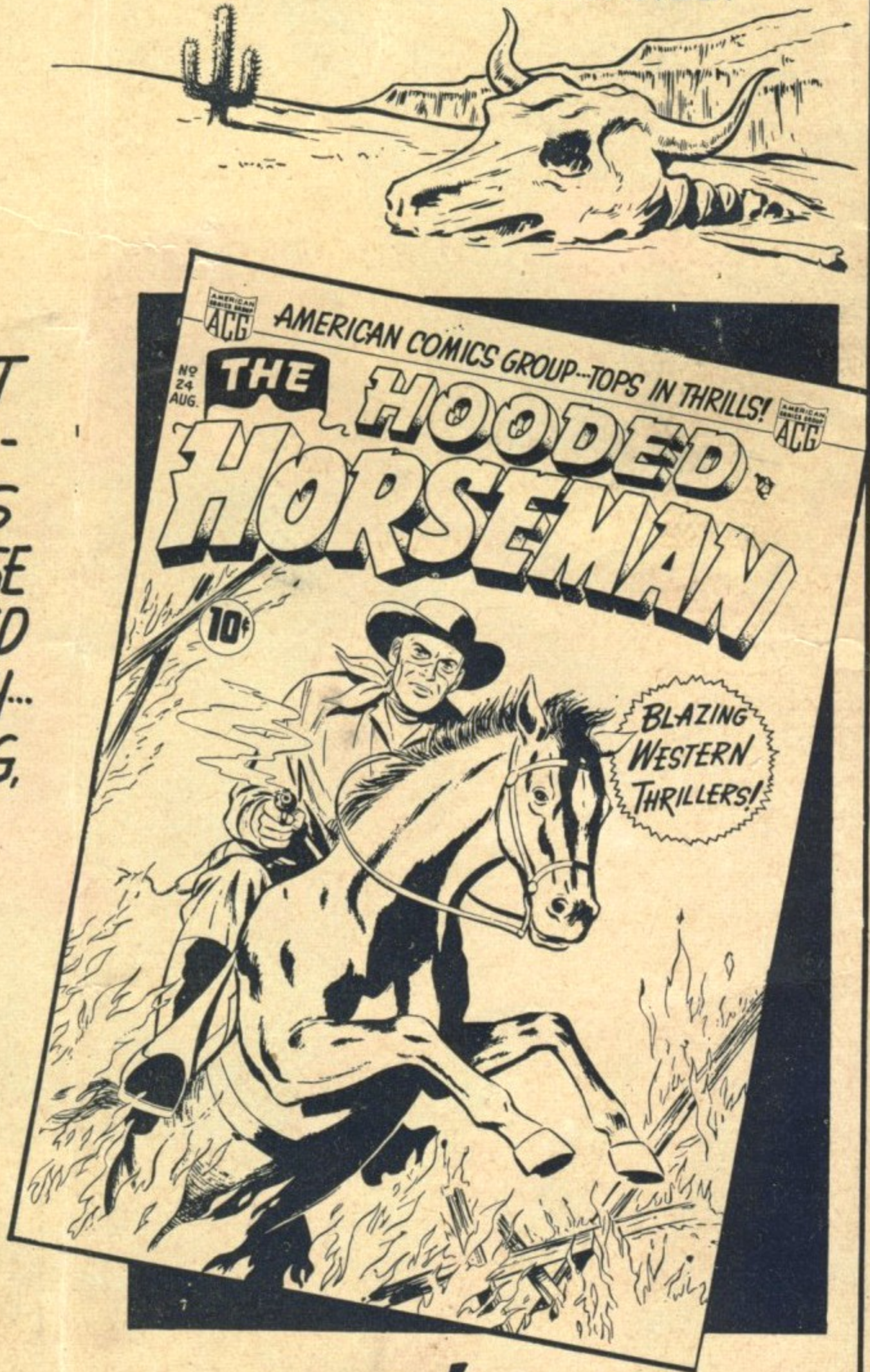
You'll **GASP** AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've **NEVER** read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

THE HOODED HORSEMAN!



10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

The COLONEL and the COWARD



ASK ANY VET OF THE KOREAN WAR ABOUT **COLONEL STRICKLAND**, AND HE'LL TELL YOU THE OLD RAMROD WAS THE **TOUGHEST, ORNERIEST**, BUT THE **BRAVEST** BATTALION COMMANDER IN THE FIELD! SOME WILL SAY THE COLONEL WAS HEARTLESS IN SENDING HIS OWN SON OUT TO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH... BUT THE COLONEL WOULD HAVE SAID "**THE ARMY'S NOT FOR COWARDS!**"

YES, IN THE EARLY DISASTROUS DAYS OF DEFEAT, THE COLONEL WAS RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT ALL... TAKING CHANCES IN THAT FEARLESS WAY OF HIS!

COLONEL... GET **DOWN!** THOSE BULLETS ARE WHIPPING ALL AROUND YOU!

BAH... **SOMEONE'S** GOT TO FIND OUT THE STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY RECONNAISSANCE FORCE! PASS THE WORD DOWN THE LINE... WE'RE GETTING READY TO **ATTACK!**

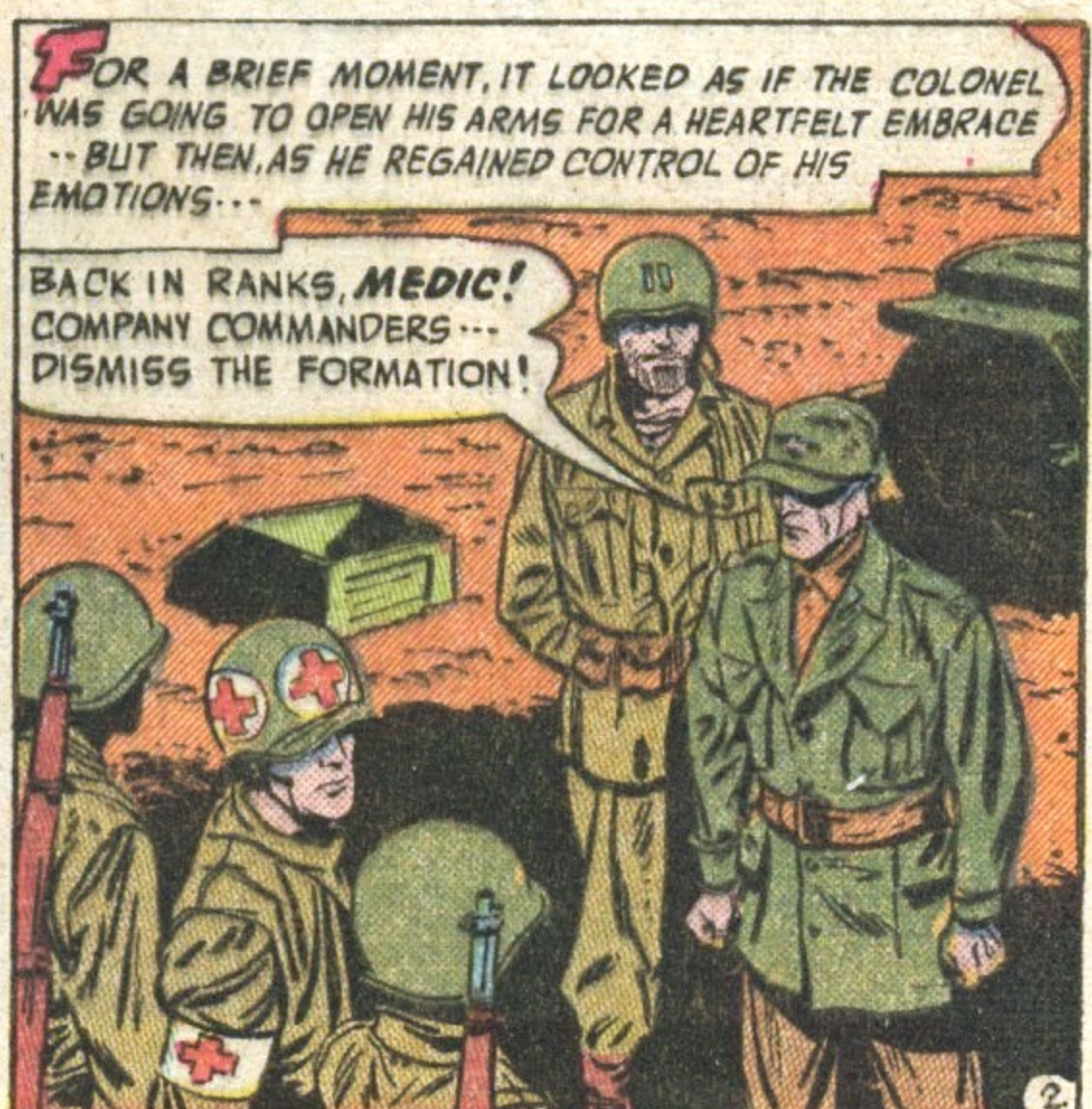
STAND AND **FIGHT!** SHOW 'EM WE'RE **MEN**... AND MAKE 'EM **PAY** FOR EVERY FOOT OF GROUND!

COLONEL STRICKLAND... WE'RE OUTNUMBERED FIFTY TO ONE! LET... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

AND WHAT A STICKLER FOR **DISCIPLINE!** HE NEVER ADMITTED ANY WEAKNESS IN HIMSELF... AND HE JUST **WOULDN'T** ALLOW ANY WEAKNESS IN HIS TROOPS!

I... I GUESS I WAS ASLEEP ON SENTRY DUTY, SIR... BUT I... I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN **FOUR DAYS!**

AND I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN **TEN!** THERE'S NO ROOM IN THIS ARMY FOR **SLACKERS**... JUST AS THERE'S NO PLACE IN IT FOR **COWARDS!** I'M SENDING YOU UP FOR COURT-MARTIAL... MAYBE YOU'LL DO YOUR **SLEEPING** IN FRONT OF A **FIRING SQUAD!**



SO DANNY STRICKLAND IS THE COLONEL'S SON!

YEAH, I HEARD THE OLD BOY WANTED DANNY TO GO TO WEST POINT...BUT DANNY SAYS HE'S AGAINST KILLING! THAT'S WHY HE VOLUNTEERED FOR THE MEDICS!

I UNDERSTAND THE COLONEL DIS-INHERITED HIM FOR BEING A COWARD... THEY HAVEN'T BEEN ON SPEAKING TERMS FOR YEARS!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE BATTALION COMMAND POST...

I WANT A COMPANY PATROL SENT OUT INTO SECTOR 8-J TONIGHT! IT WILL PENETRATE ENEMY LINES AS FAR AS POSSIBLE AND FIND OUT THE LOCATION AND NATURE OF THE RED DEFENSES! AND...**USE COMPANY C!**

BUT SIR...CHARLIE COMPANY IS THE ONE YOUR SON IS ATTACHED TO! AND SECTOR 8-J IS THE STRONGEST POINT OF THE RED DEFENSE LINE...!



BLAST IT...DON'T YOU THINK I **KNOW** THAT? THAT'S EXACTLY **WHY** I'M SENDING CHARLIE COMPANY...I'M NOT GOING TO BE ACCUSED OF FAVORITISM, OR SHELTERING MY SON! THERE MAY BE HEAVY CASUALTIES, BUT THE INFORMATION THE PATROL SECURES WILL BE WORTH IT! NOW GET OUT...AND EXECUTE MY ORDERS!

Y...YES, SIR!



CHARLIE COMPANY...FALL OUT!

I...I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL WHETHER MY BOY IS A COWARD...I'VE GOT TO **KNOW**!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE SHELL-POCKED NO-MAN'S-LAND BETWEEN THE OPPOSING LINES...

SPREAD OUT...AND DON'T SHOOT UNLESS YOU'RE FIRED UPON! PASS THE WORD ALONG!

SPREAD OUT...!



AN HOUR LATER, DEEP INSIDE ENEMY LINES...

THE GOIN' IS A LITTLE TOO EASY! WOULD THE REDS LET US GET SO FAR...UNLESS THEY'RE LETTING US WALK INTO A **TRAP!**



SUDDENLY...

MACHINE GUNS! HIT THE DIRT!

UGH!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!





THEY'VE GOT US SURROUNDED---IT **WAS** A TRAP! WE CAN HOLD 'EM OFF FOR A WHILE FROM BEHIND THESE ROCKS ---BUT THE BOYS DOWN THE SLOPE DON'T HAVE ANY COVER!

THEY MUST BE SUFFERING HEAVY CASUALTIES ---I---I'VE GOT TO GET OUT THERE AND HELP THE WOUNDED!

POW
POW
POW!
BRAT
TAT
TAT!



THEN, AS IF OBLIVIOUS TO THE DANGER---

POWFF!

BRRAP!

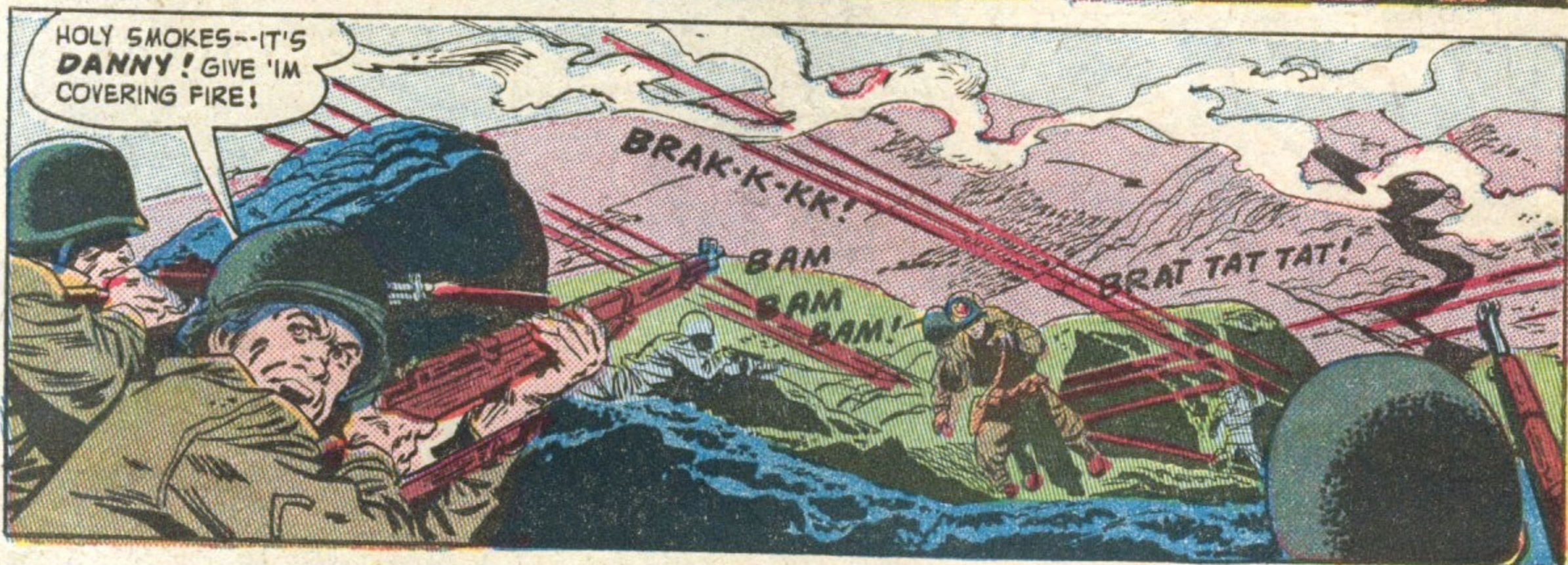
KAPOWW!



DANNY---HELP ME! MY LEG ---GASP! IT'S **KILLIN'** ME!

STEADY, BOY--- THIS MORPHINE WILL HELP--- UNTIL I CAN GET YOU BACK TO SAFETY BEHIND THOSE ROCKS UP THE SLOPE!

PI-TOOM!
EEEEEE!



HOLY SMOKES---IT'S **DANNY**! GIVE 'IM COVERING FIRE!

BRAK-K-KK!

BAM
BAM
BAM!

BRAT TAT TAT!



YOU'RE NOT GOIN' OUT THERE **AGAIN**, ARE YUH, DANNY? YOU'D BE **CRAZY**---YOU WERE LUCKY **ONCE**--- BUT IT'S SUICIDE TO **PRESS** YOUR LUCK!

I'M NOT THINKING OF MYSELF---THOSE POOR WOUNDED GUYS OUT THERE **NEED** ME!

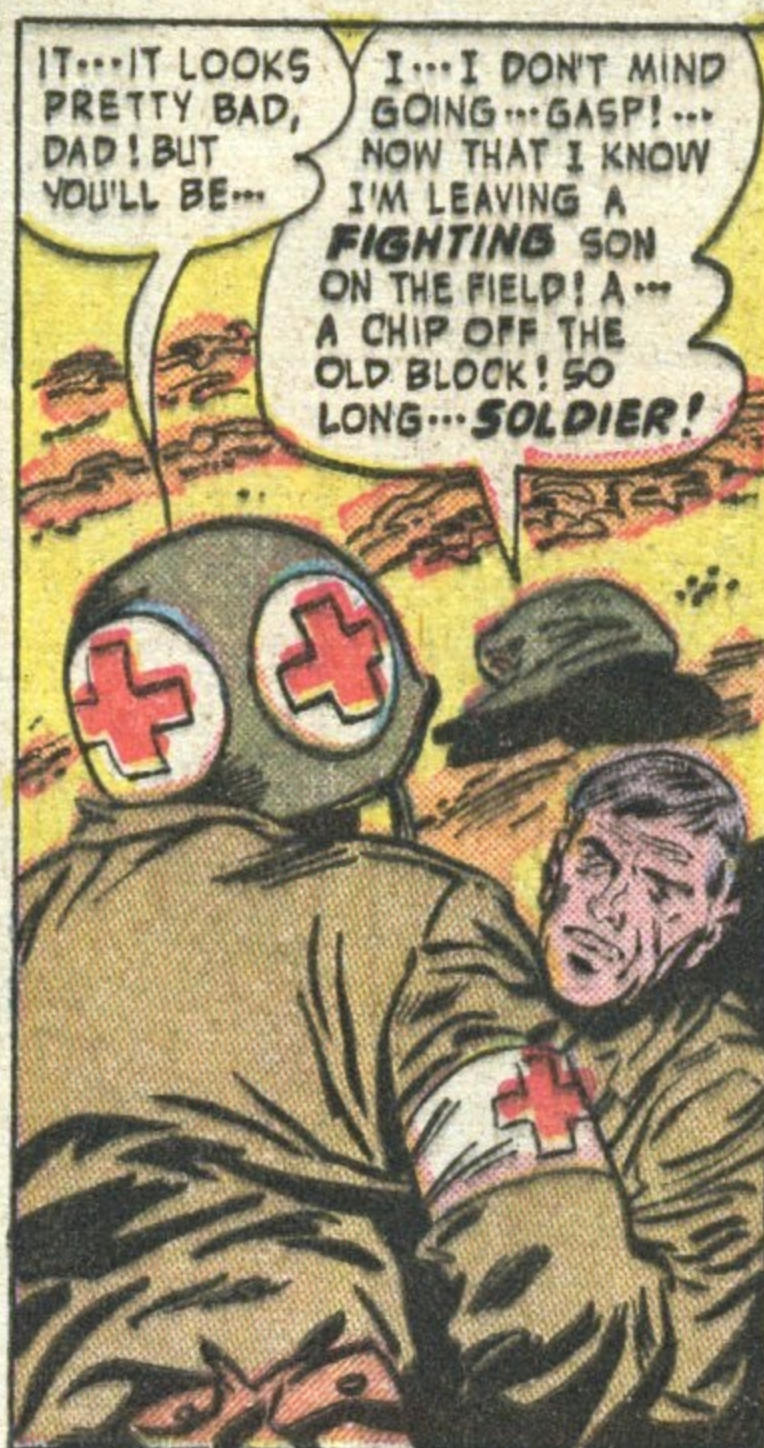
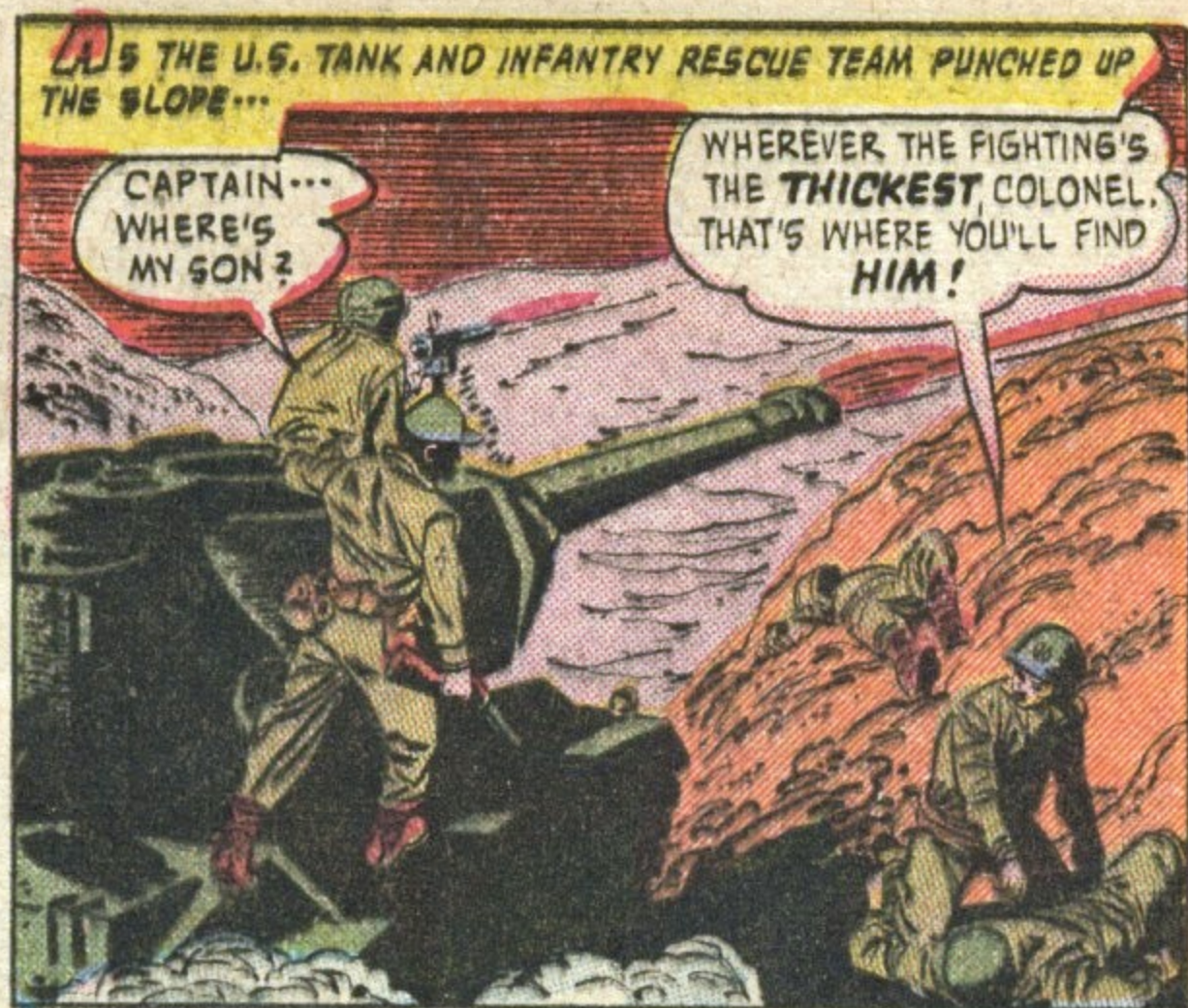


AND SO, ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, MEDIC DANNY STRICKLAND BRAVED THE WITHERING HAIL OF ENEMY FIRE TO BRING AID AND SUCCOR TO BULLET-TORN BUDDIES---AND AS THE SUN FINALLY ROSE OVER THE BLOODY BATTLEFIELD---

ACCURSED YANKEES STILL FIGHT---BRING UP MORTARS!

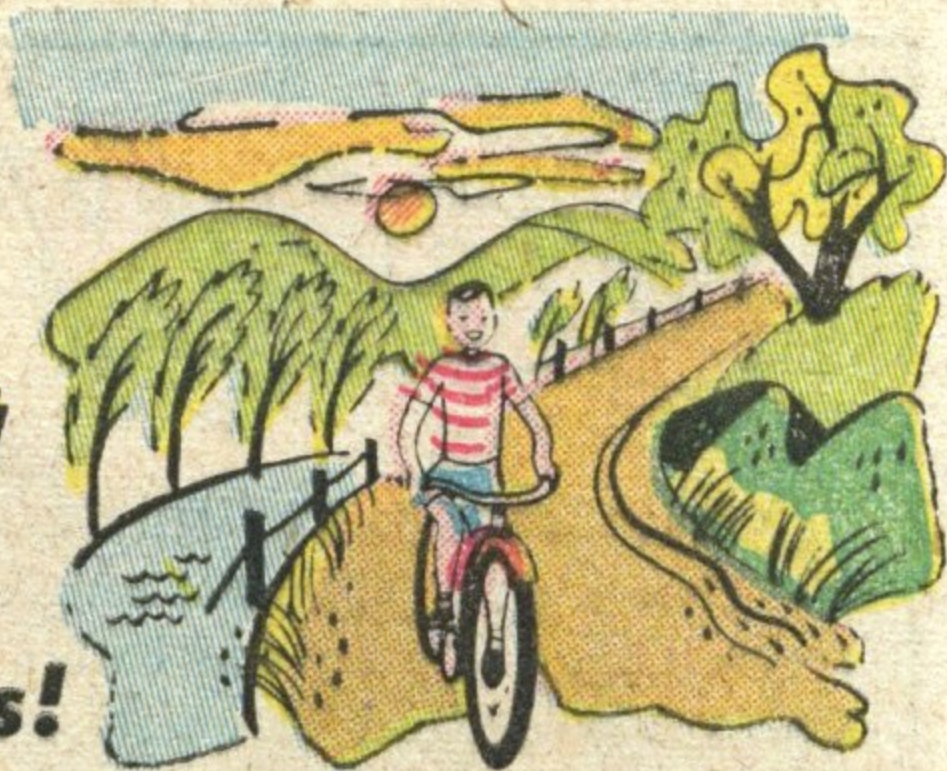
BRAT-A
TAT-
TAT!





"CHAIN REACTION"

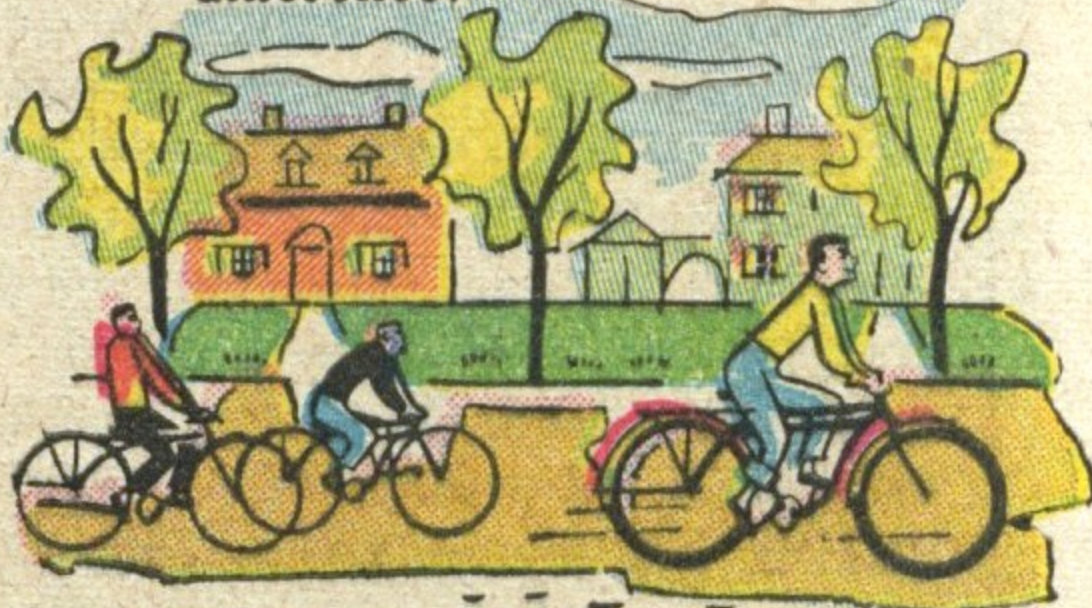
with U. S. Royal Chain Tires!



Touch the handle bars —you get "pin-point" steering control from the U. S. Royal Chain Tread! You really feel the difference.



Touch the brake —feel those "built-in skid chains" really grip... stop you on a dime!



Touch the pedal —your built-in skid chains dig in —give real traction for quicker get-aways.



*Now it can happen
to your bike with*

U.S. ROYAL CHAIN

BICYCLE TIRES

with the original "built-in skid chain"



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

BORN LEADER

FIRST SERGEANT CHUCK Masters blew a cloud of smoke contentedly at the ceiling, as he lay flat on his back in the Tokyo General Hospital, recovering from shrapnel wounds in his back. For a while the doctors had thought he might *not* pull through, that perhaps he would be crippled for life, but with great care, and a lot of luck, Chuck was well on the road to recovery. Funny, he thought, looking at the blossoming cherry trees outside his ward...but I'm not sure I *want* to recover!

He remembered vividly the bitter months of fighting in Korea, particularly the fierce slaughter the newspapers called "The Battle of Bloody Ridge." Chuck had seen three lieutenants killed, and each time it had been his own extraordinary courage and ability which had pulled the platoon out of a hazardous spot. "A born troop leader," his silver star citation read, "proven gallantry in action." But what did *that* mean to him? It would only be a matter of time before anybody got it, and...well, it was a miracle that he was still alive.

The medics, he thought bitterly...they want to fix me up just so they can get me back in action, leading another batch of guys into the teeth of enemy fire. But I've done my share, let the stateside boys take over from now on. *I'm going home!*

Back injuries were tricky affairs, he knew. No doctor in the world could definitely say that his back did *not* pain him. Chuck was going to play it smart; he was going to scream like murder when they tested him again, just in case anybody had any idea of sending *him* back to the lines.

Just then a team of nurses and doctors wheeled a new patient into the room, and deposited him in the bed next to Chuck's. "You're okay now, soldier," said a doctor. "We'll have you out of here in no time."

The new patient mumbled thanks and looked about. Suddenly, when his eyes came to rest on Chuck, the flat expression in his eyes disappeared. "Hey, *serge!*" he shouted. "Chuck Masters, you old galoot...I never thought I'd lay eyes on you again!"

Chuck looked at him quizzically, then, recognizing him, he shouted, equally excited, "Bud Mulligan! I'll be darned... I never thought I'd see you again either!" The two men practically fell into each other's arms. Mulligan had been a rifleman in Chuck's platoon, one of the new kids sent up to replace an oldtimer who'd been knocked off. Mulligan looked at the platoon sergeant with a trace of hero-worship. "The platoon wasn't the same without you, *serge!*" he said. "All the guys kept wondering about you, how you were. They can't wait till you get back to show the way, like you always did."

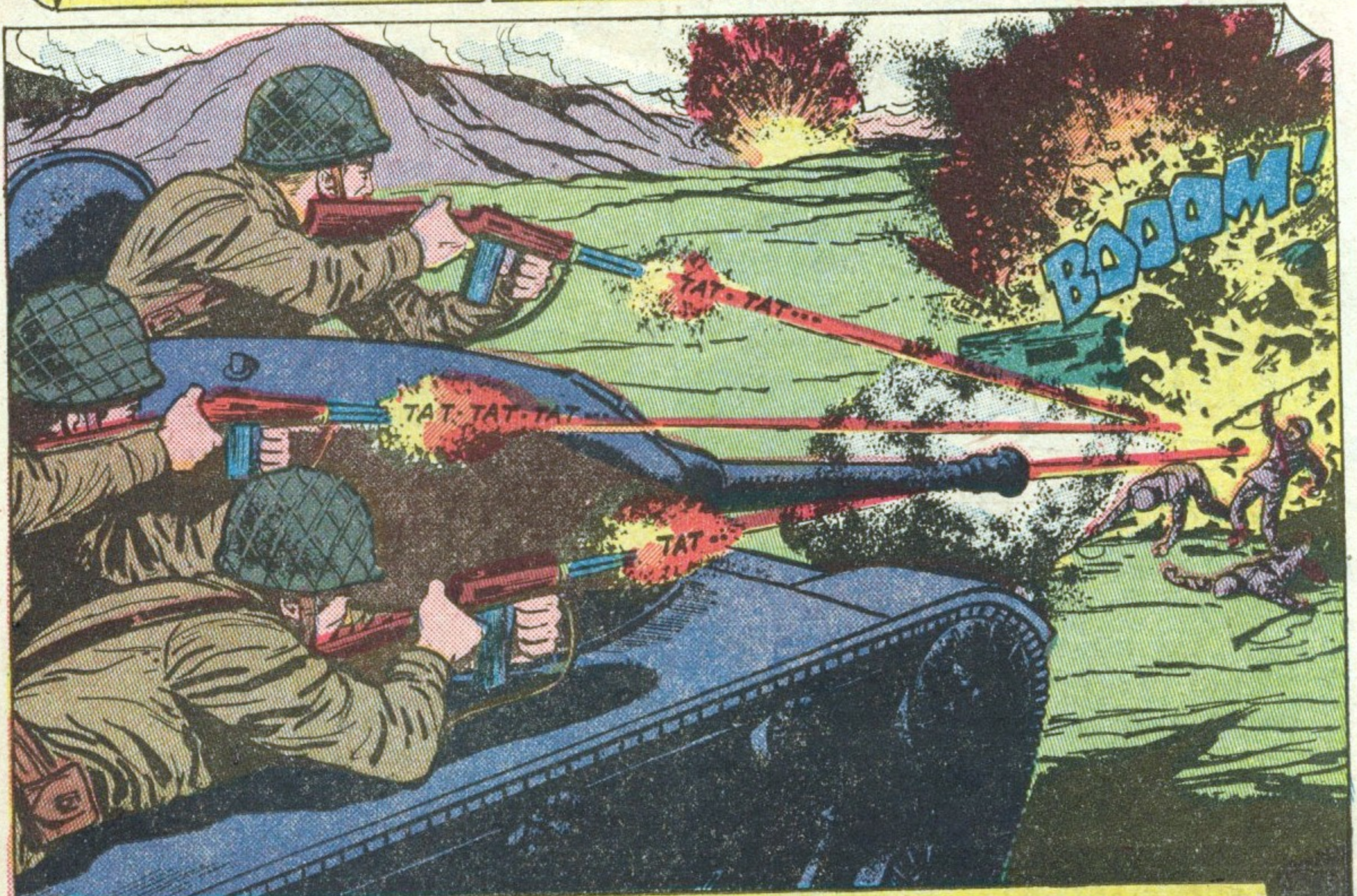
"Sure, sure," muttered Chuck, turning away self-consciously. "They got along without me well enough, I'll bet."

"No they didn't," insisted Bud. "You're a born troop leader, *serge*. They *need* guys like you."

"Aw, shut up!" sputtered Chuck. Mulligan looked at him, an expression of hurt in his eyes. "Okay," he said. "If that's the way you feel."

Chuck brooded, saw himself in action again...leading the men against the Reds. "Cripes," he thought, "I'd almost forgotten about them." He felt a surge of anger creep along his healing back. And then he thought of the fighting, and all the ways that a man could be killed, and then of all the ways he knew of avoiding just that on the field of battle. "I may be a rat," he said, half-aloud. "But I'm not that much of a rat! Those guys out there *need* me...and that's just where I'm going to be...just as soon as I get out of here!"

COMBAT ACE



WHEN AN ACE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE LIKE ACE CARTER TURNS HIS TWO-FISTED ATTENTION FROM THE TREASURE-FIELDS OF THE WORLD TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF KOREA, IT'S GOOD NEWS FOR LOVERS OF ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE--AND BAD NEWS FOR THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY WHO ARE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO CROSS CAPTAIN ACE CARTER'S PATH!

AT THE EXPLORER'S CLUB IN NEW YORK...

SO LONG, ACE! ...
HOPE YOU FIND
THAT LOST CITY
OF THE INCAS!

IF I DO, I'LL ERECT
A NEW BUILDING
FOR THE CLUB--
**OUT OF
GOLDEN
INGOTS!**

TELEGRAM
FOR YOU,
MR. CARTER!



OH-OH! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO **CANCEL** THAT
EXPEDITION --- **I'VE JUST BEEN RECALLED
TO ACTIVE DUTY AS A CAPTAIN IN THE
MARINES!** THEY WANT ME TO REPORT TO
WASHINGTON **IMMEDIATELY!** DARN IT,
THAT PROBABLY MEANS A **DESK JOB
IN THE CHAIR CORPS!**



BUT TWO DAYS LATER, IN WASHINGTON...

WHY AM I ASSIGNED TO KOREA, GENERAL --- AT THIS LATE STAGE OF THE WAR?

BECAUSE WE WANT **YOU** TO COMMAND A MISSION OF **VITAL IMPORTANCE** IN KOREA! YOU SEE, DURING THE PLUNDERING OF SEOUL BY THE REDS, **HALF A BILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD AND GEMS** WERE STOLEN FROM THE SOUTH KOREAN TREASURY -- AND AN EXPERIENCED FORTUNE-HUNTER LIKE YOU WOULD NATURALLY HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF RETRIEVING THAT TREASURE!

WE THOUGHT THE LOOT ALREADY IN RED CHINA... BUT ONLY RECENTLY WE LEARNED THAT THE FORTUNE IS STILL BURIED SOMEWHERE IN NORTH KOREA! A COMMUNIST PRISONER CONFESSED THAT HE HELPED CART THE TREASURE AWAY WHEN THE REDS RETREATED NORTH! BUT IT SEEMS THAT THEY WERE CUT OFF BY OUR PARATROOPERS, AND HAD TO **BURY** THE LOOT SO THAT THEY COULD FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT! HOWEVER, THE WHOLE GROUP WAS KILLED AND HE ALONE WAS TAKEN PRISONER!



THE PRISONER SAYS HE'LL REVEAL THE TREASURE SITE IF WE RELEASE HIM AFTERWARD! THAT GOLD WOULD HELP THE SOUTH KOREAN GOVERNMENT IMMENSELY --- SO WE DECIDED TO SEND AN ACE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE LIKE ACE CARTER TO LEAD A PICKED GROUP OF MARINES BEHIND THE RED LINES AND FIND OUT IF THAT PRISONER IS TELLING THE TRUTH! SOUND INTERESTING?

DOES IT? **WOW! KOREA, HERE I COME!**



A WEEK LATER, IN A PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP IN SOUTH KOREA...

THIS IS **CHANG WEN**, THE PRISONER WHO CLAIMS TO KNOW WHERE THE TREASURE IS BURIED! HE'S ALL YOURS, CAPTAIN CARTER!

HMM, I DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS... HE'LL BEAR WATCHING!



SOON AFTERWARD...

OKAY, YOU MARINES --- YOU ALL **VOLUNTEERED** FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT, SO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE IN FOR --- PLENTY OF ACTION! CHANG HERE HAS TOLD ME THE GENERAL LOCATION OF THE TREASURE --- AND WE'RE GOING TO PARACHUTE DOWN IN THAT AREA JUST BEFORE DAWN! **LET'S GO!**



AT DAYBREAK, FAR BEHIND THE RED LINES...

HOLY SMOKES -- THAT COMMIE IS PULLING ON HIS HARNESS LINES --- SO THAT HIS CHUTE WILL COLLAPSE SLIGHTLY AND GO DOWN FASTER! IF HE'S WILLING TO RISK A BROKEN LEG, IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING --- HE'S TRYING TO MAKE A **GETAWAY!** BUT TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!



SECONDS LATER...

HE BEAT ME DOWN... BUT HE WON'T GET FAR, BECAUSE I'M SAVING TIME BY CUTTING MY WAY OUT OF THIS HARNESS!



YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE, RAT... EXCEPT DOWN!



OH-OH! I WOULD HAVE TO KNOCK HIM DOWN NEAR SOME ROCKS THAT HE CAN USE AS WEAPONS!



AMERICAN FIG... I KNOCK BRAINS OUT!

AT LEAST I'VE GOT BRAINS! YOU MISSED, SUCKER! --NOW IT'S MY TURN!



OOF!

I SHOULD SHOOT YOU, BUT I'LL NEED YOU JUST IN CASE YOU WERE TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT TREASURE! BUT I'D BETTER TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU FIRST BY GIVING YOU THE WALLOPING OF YOUR LIFE!



POW!



WHAM!



SOK!



OKAY, I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH -- BUT IF YOU TRY TO DOUBLE-CROSS US AGAIN, YOU'LL BE SIGNING YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT! NOW -- DO YOU AGREE TO LEAD US TO THE TREASURE?

I... I -- WILL -- LEAD -- YOU --





THIS WAY...
THROUGH
WOODS!

REMEMBER, MEN--
THIS IS COMMUNIST
TERRITORY-- SO KEEP
YOUR EYES OPEN AND
YOUR TRIGGER-FINGERS
READY!



SUDDENLY...

BOOM!

YIPES--A RED
PATROL! LET 'EM
HAVE IT-- BEFORE
THEY RECOVER
FROM THEIR
SURPRISE!



THERE... THAT GRENADE
OUGHT TO FINISH
'EM OFF!

I'M WATCHING YOU,
CHANG--DON'T TRY TO
GET AWAY IN THE
CONFUSION!

BOOM!

YAAGH!



WHEN THAT PATROL FAILS TO REPORT AT ITS BASE,
THE REDS WILL KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG IN THIS
AREA--AND THEY'LL SEND OUT A LARGE SEARCH
PARTY! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST--HOW
FAR ARE WE FROM THE SITE OF
THE TREASURE, CHANG?

NOT FAR--
I SHOW
YOU!



SOON AFTERWARD...

THERE...
YOU DIG--
FIND
GOLD!

HMM, BRING THAT
MINE DETECTOR
OVER HERE, CORPORAL!



THE DETECTOR
INDICATES THERE'S
METAL BENEATH
THE SURFACE,
CAPTAIN!

WELL, IT *COULD* BE THE
TREASURE--BUT WE'RE NOT
TAKING ANY CHANCES!
CHANG--YOU'RE
GOING TO DO
THE DIGGING!

ME
DIG? NO--
NO!



DON'T GIVE ME ANY ARGUMENTS!
YOU'LL DIG--OR DIE!
WHICH'LL
IT BE?

I...I
DIG!



THE REST OF YOU TAKE UP SENTRY
POSITIONS ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET
AWAY! I'M SHIMMYING UP THIS
TREE TO KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR
ANY RED TROOPS COMING
THIS WAY!



LATER...
I...I TIRED--
I NO DIG
NO MORE!

OH, NO? MAYBE A
COUPLE OF BULLETS
NEAR YOUR FEET
WILL MAKE YOU
CHANGE YOUR
MIND!

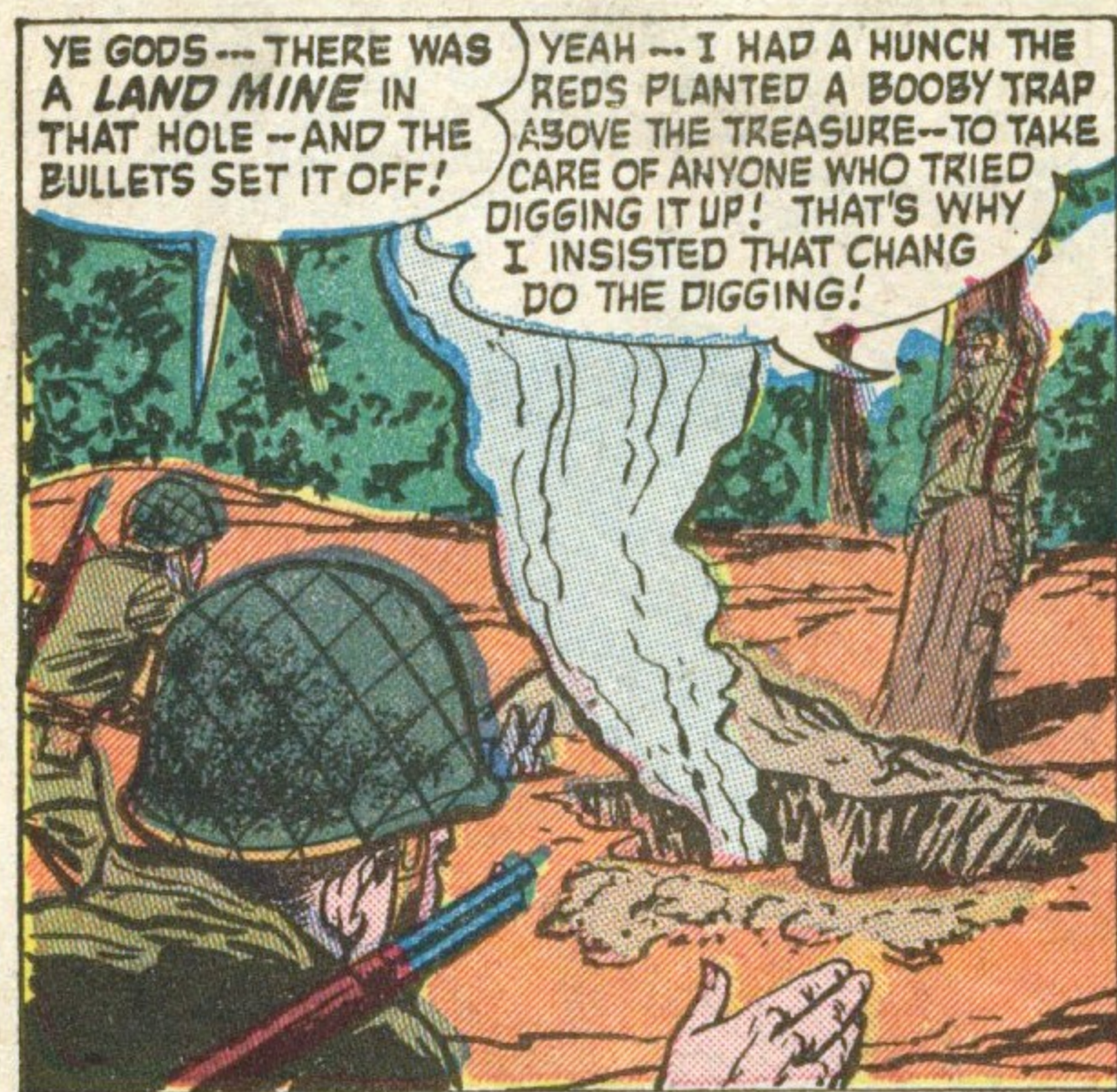


NO ---
NO SHOOT
IN HOLE!

WHAT ARE YOU SCARED
OF, RAT? THE SLUGS
WON'T EVEN COME
CLOSE TO YOU!



BUT, IN THE NEXT MOMENT--



YE GODS --- THERE WAS
A **LAND MINE** IN
THAT HOLE --AND THE
BULLETS SET IT OFF!

YEAH -- I HAD A HUNCH THE
REDS PLANTED A BOOBY TRAP
ABOVE THE TREASURE--TO TAKE
CARE OF ANYONE WHO TRIED
DIGGING IT UP! THAT'S WHY
I INSISTED THAT CHANG
DO THE DIGGING!



LOOK -- THE
EXPLOSION
UNEARTHED
THOSE HEAVY
CHESTS!

LET'S GET 'EM OUT,
BOYS -- LOOKS AS IF
WE HIT THE
JACKPOT!



THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT--- 50 MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD AND JEWELS!

YEAH, BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA GET IT BACK TO OUR LINES NOW? WE CAN'T WAIT FOR OUR PICK-UP PLANES BECAUSE THE REDS WILL BE SWARMING ALL OVER THIS AREA SOON!



LISTEN --- THERE'S OUR ANSWER! THAT'S THE RUMBLE OF A RED TANK --- IT'S PROBABLY COMING HERE TO INVESTIGATE THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION! GET READY FOR AN AMBUSH, BOYS!



MINUTES LATER, AS THE RED TANK NOSES ONTO THE SCENE...

留聲機!



PERFECT! HE DIDN'T MAKE A SOUND! AND NOW---



GIVE MY WORST REGARDS TO YOUR ANCESTORS, CRUMS!

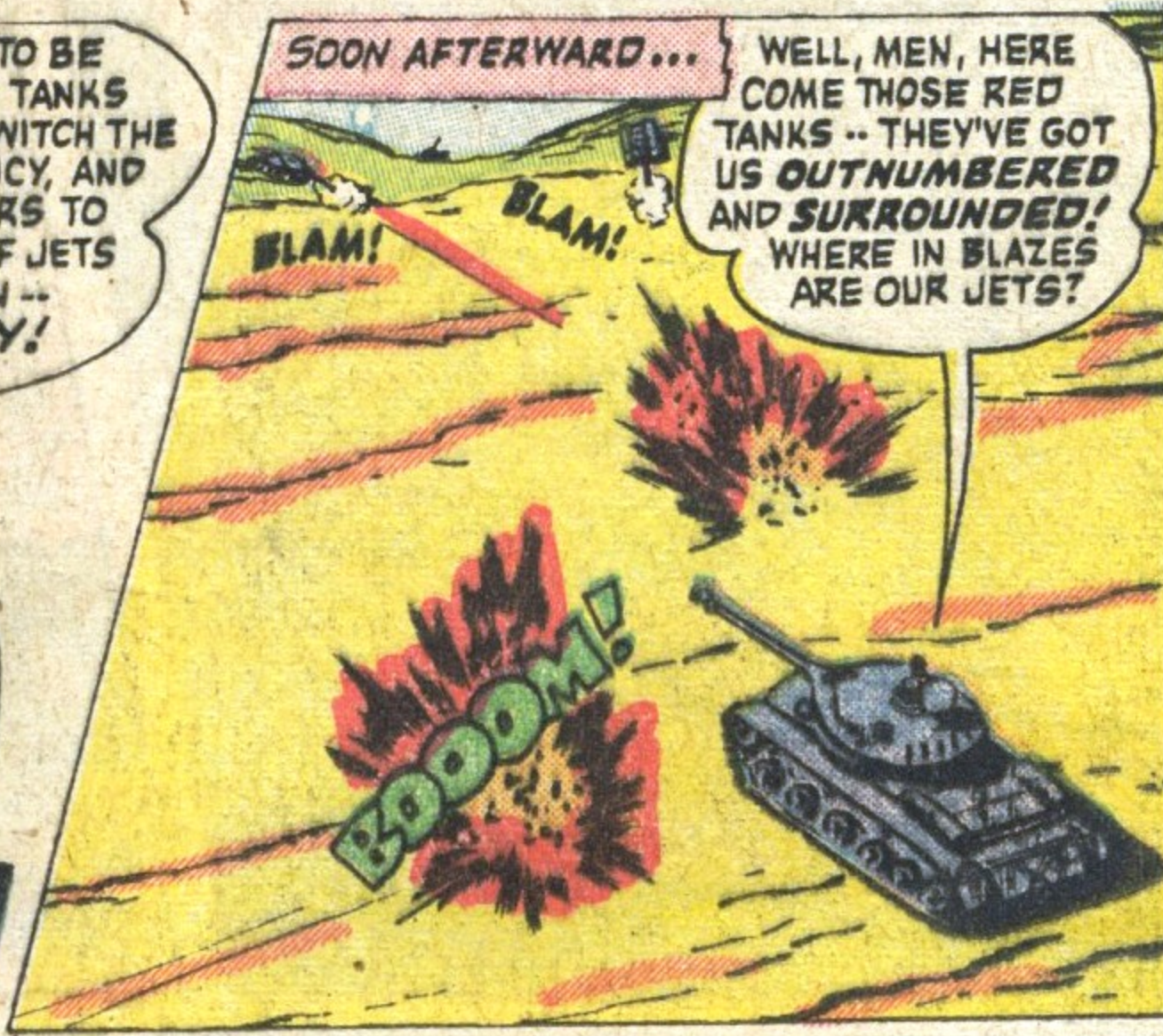
AARRRGHH!

KAT-A TAT-TAT!



OKAY, CAPTAIN--- THIS IS THE LAST OF THE DEAD REDS!

GOOD--- NOW LET'S DUMP THE TREASURE INTO THE TANK, PILE IN OURSELVES-- AND HEAD FOR OUR LINES!





YAHOOO--LOOK AT THOSE BABIES BURN! THERE ARE ONLY A COUPLE STILL IN COMMISSION-- AND WE'LL FINISH THOSE OFF!

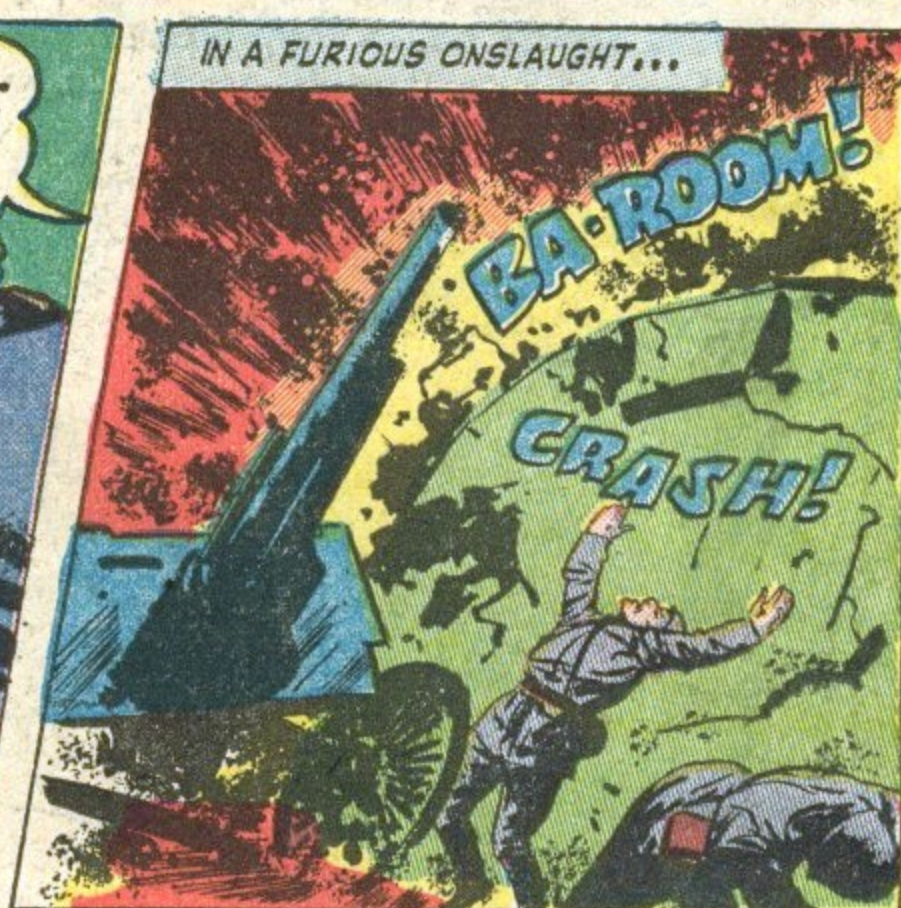


GREAT SHOOTING! NOW HEAD FOR THE FRONT LINES, MEN... FOR HOME!

BLAM!



THERE ARE THE FRONT LINE COMMUNIST BUNKERS AND PILLBOXES-- BUT SINCE THEIR HEAVY GUNS FACE THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, WE'LL BE ABLE TO REDUCE 'EM TO RUBBLE! COMMENCE FIRING!



IN A FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT...

BA-ROOM!
CRASH!



MINUTES LATER... AT THE FORWARD AMERICAN OUTPOSTS --

THERE'S A RED TANK COMING OUR WAY ACROSS NO-MAN'S LAND! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

NO---HOLD YOUR FIRE-- THAT'S CAPTAIN CARTER!



LATER, IN THE SOUTH KOREAN CAPITAL...

IN THE NAME OF THE SOUTH KOREAN GOVERNMENT, I WISH TO THANK YOU FOR THE INVALUABLE SERVICE YOU HAVE RENDERED US, CAPTAIN CARTER!

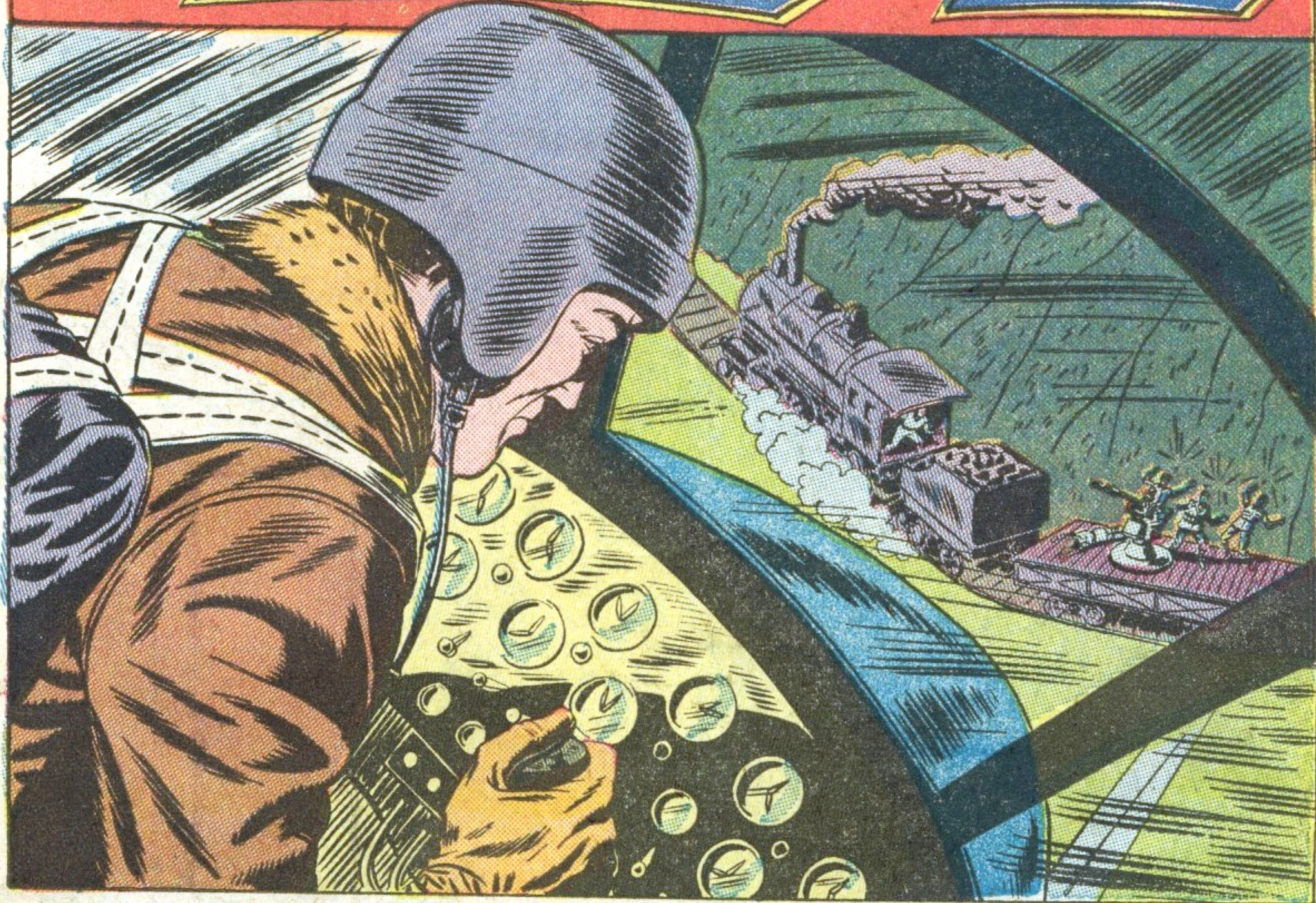
THINK NOTHING OF IT, FRIEND! THAT BANGUP ACTION I GOT WAS THANKS ENOUGH FOR ME!

THERE'S EVEN MORE ACTION-PACKED COMBAT IN STORE FOR YOU -- IN THE NEXT THRILLING ISSUE!

THE END 8

THE FIERY CRACKLE OF MY SABREJET'S .50 CALIBRES... THE THUNDER OF ACK-ACK BLASTING THE AIR AROUND ME... ALL THIS WAS SWEET MUSIC TO MY EARS! YES, I LIVED FOR DANGER AND THRIVED ON PERIL, TAKING RISKS THAT OTHER PILOTS SHUNNED! THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED ME...

DARE-DEVIL ^{of the} AIR

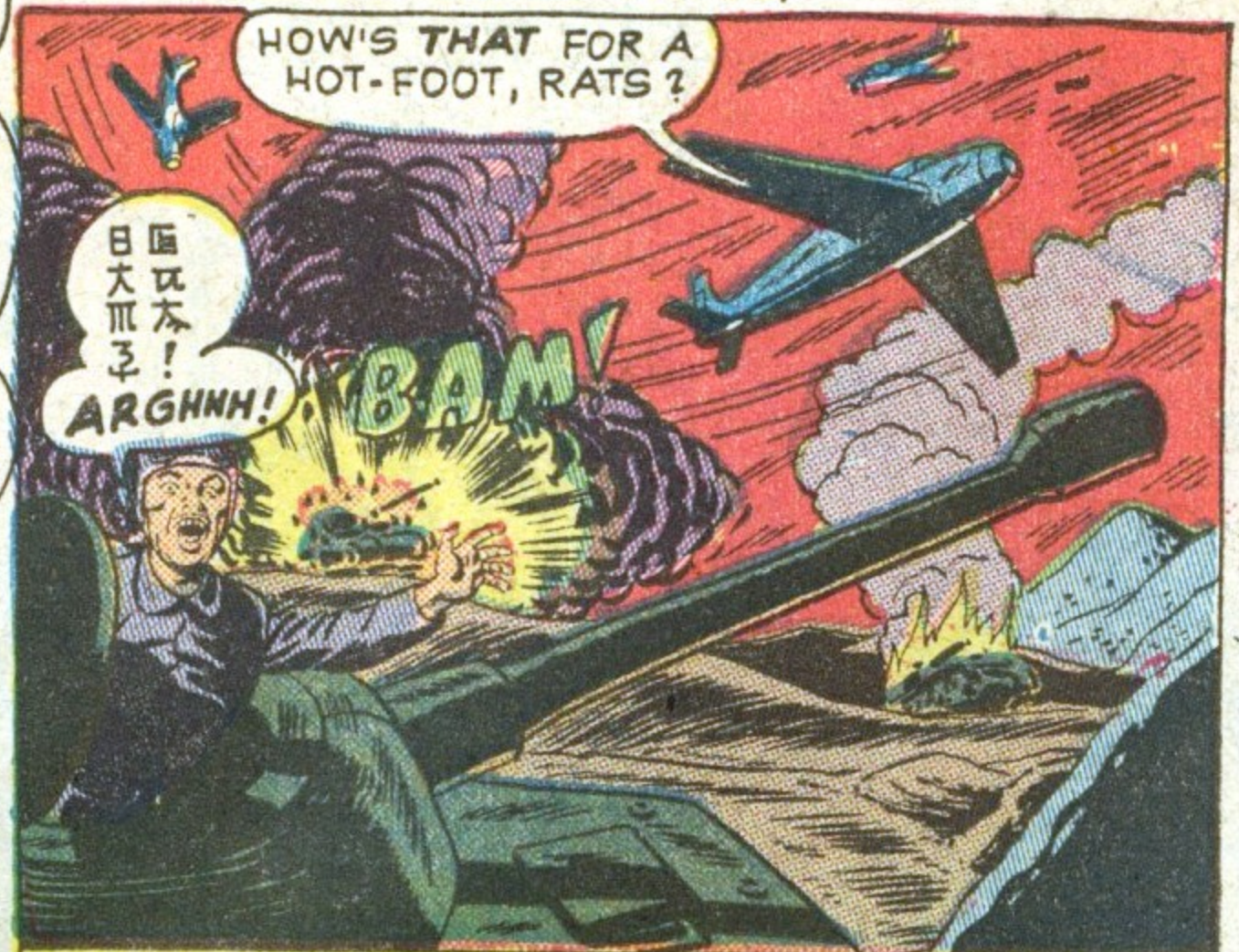


LT. CHARLES MULVANEY IS MY FULL MONICKER-- BUT TO MY JET-PILOT BUDDIES, I WAS KNOWN ONLY AS **DARE-DEVIL CHARLIE** -- A GUY WHO HAD MORE NERVE AND LUCK THAN

BRAINS! THEY ALL THOUGHT I WAS NUTS FOR TAKING THE CHANCES I DID-- BUT THEY NEVER REALIZED THAT I TOOK ONLY **CALCULATED RISKS**-- THE KIND THAT WIN BATTLES AND WARS!



FOR EXAMPLE, TAKE THE DAY OUR JET SQUADRON WENT TANK-HUNTING NEAR SINANJU IN NORTH KOREA AND FOUND A COUPLE OF SITTING DUCKS, JUST RIPE FOR OUR NAPALM BOMBS!



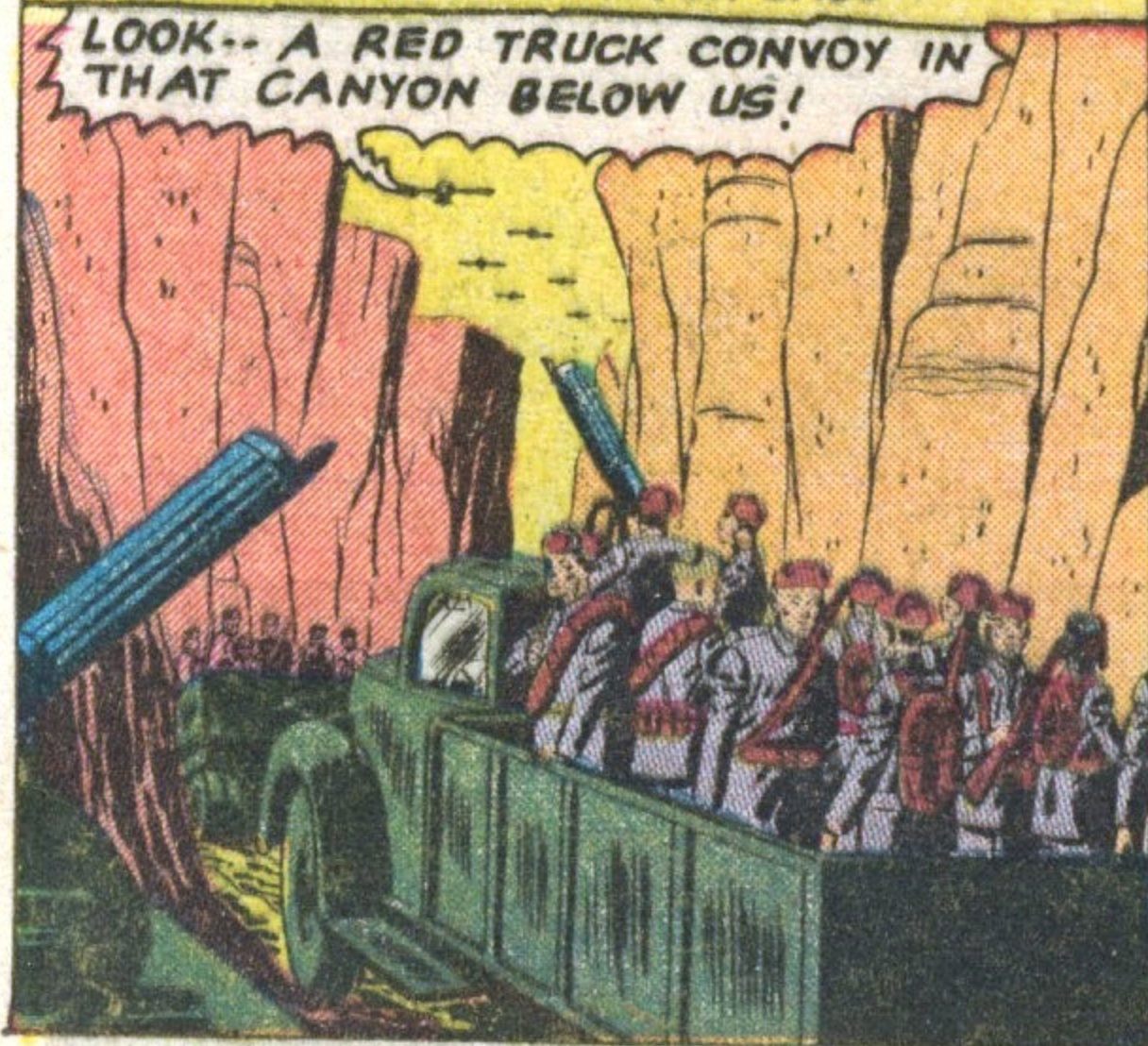
HOW'S THAT FOR A HOT-FOOT, RATS?

日軍大敗!
ARGHHH!

THERE WAS NOTHING RISKY ABOUT THAT-- BUT WAIT!

WHILE WINGING BACK TO OUR BASE--

LOOK-- A RED TRUCK CONVOY IN THAT CANYON BELOW US!



I WAS ITCHING TO PEEL OFF AND GO AFTER THEM-- BUT MY SQUADRON COMMANDER, CAPT. JACK BILLINGS, THOUGHT OTHERWISE!

THAT CANYON IS NARROWER THAN OUR WING-SPREAD-- WE CAN'T GO IN AND STRAFE! AND SINCE WE DUMPED ALL OUR NAPALM, THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS RADIO OUR BASE, GIVING THEM THE LOCATION OF THE CONVOY-- AND HOPE THAT THE FIGHTER-BOMBERS GET HERE BEFORE DARK!



THAT WAS WHEN I DECIDED TO TAKE A CALCULATED RISK!

IT'S ALREADY DUSK! THE CONVOY WILL GET AWAY UNLESS IT'S STOPPED NOW! AND I THINK I CAN DO IT-- BY ANGLING MY WINGS BETWEEN THE CANYON WALLS AS I COME IN!



IT'S TOO DANGEROUS-- THE RISK'S TOO GREAT! GET BACK IN FORMATION, CHARLIE-- THAT'S AN ORDER!

BUT I WAS ALREADY IN A SUPER-SONIC DIVE-- AT WELL OVER 700 MILES AN HOUR-- AND I KNEW I COULDN'T PULL UP IN TIME! SO I HAD TO GO THROUGH WITH MY PLAN-- AND IT WAS NO CINCH-- LET ME TELL YOU!

MY WING'S RIDDLED-- BUT HERE'S WHERE I RIDDLE THEM!



MY FIRST BURST RIPPED THE CAB OF THE LEAD TRUCK, EXPLODING THE GAS-TANK-- AND I HAD TIME FOR ONE MORE BURST AT THE RED TROOPS BEFORE I HAD TO PULL UP OR BE SMASHED AGAINST THE CANYON WALLS!



THAT BURNING TRUCK WILL BLOCK THE WHOLE CONVOY-- THEY'LL BE CLAY PIGEONS FOR THE NIGHT BOMBERS TONIGHT! BUT I'LL BE A DEAD PIGEON UNLESS THIS WING OF MINE HOLDS UP UNTIL I GET BACK TO THE BASE!



I BARELY MADE IT BACK.. FOR JUST AS I ARRIVED, MY RIDDED WING SHEARED OFF, FORCING ME TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING!



I CRAWLED OUT OF THE WRECKAGE JUST IN TIME.. BEFORE THE JET BLEW UP! BUT THEN I HAD TO FACE ANOTHER BLOW-UP!

THAT WAS A FOOL STUNT, BUT IT WAS A CALCULATED RISK! I KNEW I COULD GET THROUGH THE CANYON-- AND I DID! IF THAT RED MACHINE-GUNNER HADN'T GOTTEN IN A LUCKY BURST, THERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN A SCRATCH ON THE PLANE! AND BESIDES, I GOT MORE THAN ONE TRUCK-- THE BOMBERS WILL BLAST THE WHOLE CONVOY NOW--

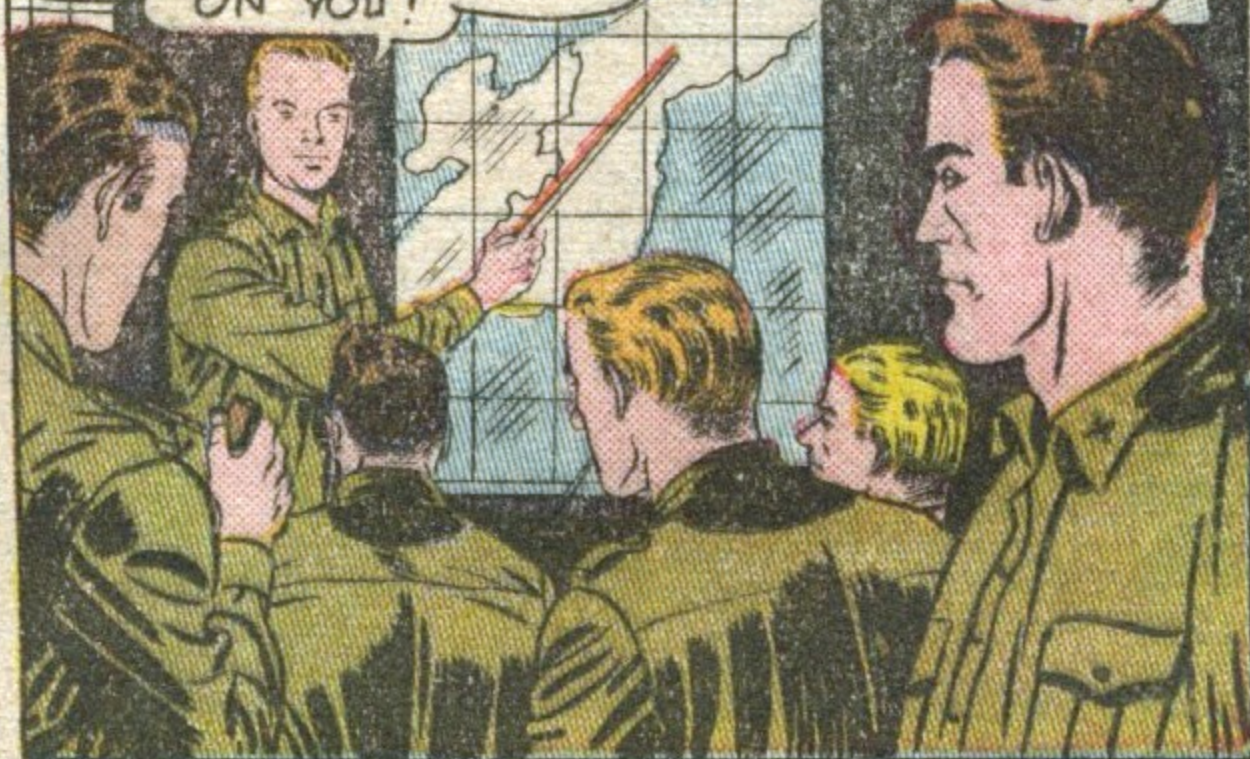


THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, LIEUTENANT! IF YOU PULL ONE MORE UNNECESSARILY RECKLESS STUNT, YOU'LL BE GROUNDED! UNDERSTAND?



NEXT MORNING, IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM, BILLINGS STILL DIDN'T LET UP--

THIS IS OUR TARGET FOR TODAY--THE NORTH KOREAN RAIL LINE BETWEEN CHAERYON AND HAEJU! YOU'LL FLY THE NUMBER TWO SLOT ON MY WING, MULVANEY.. WHERE I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!

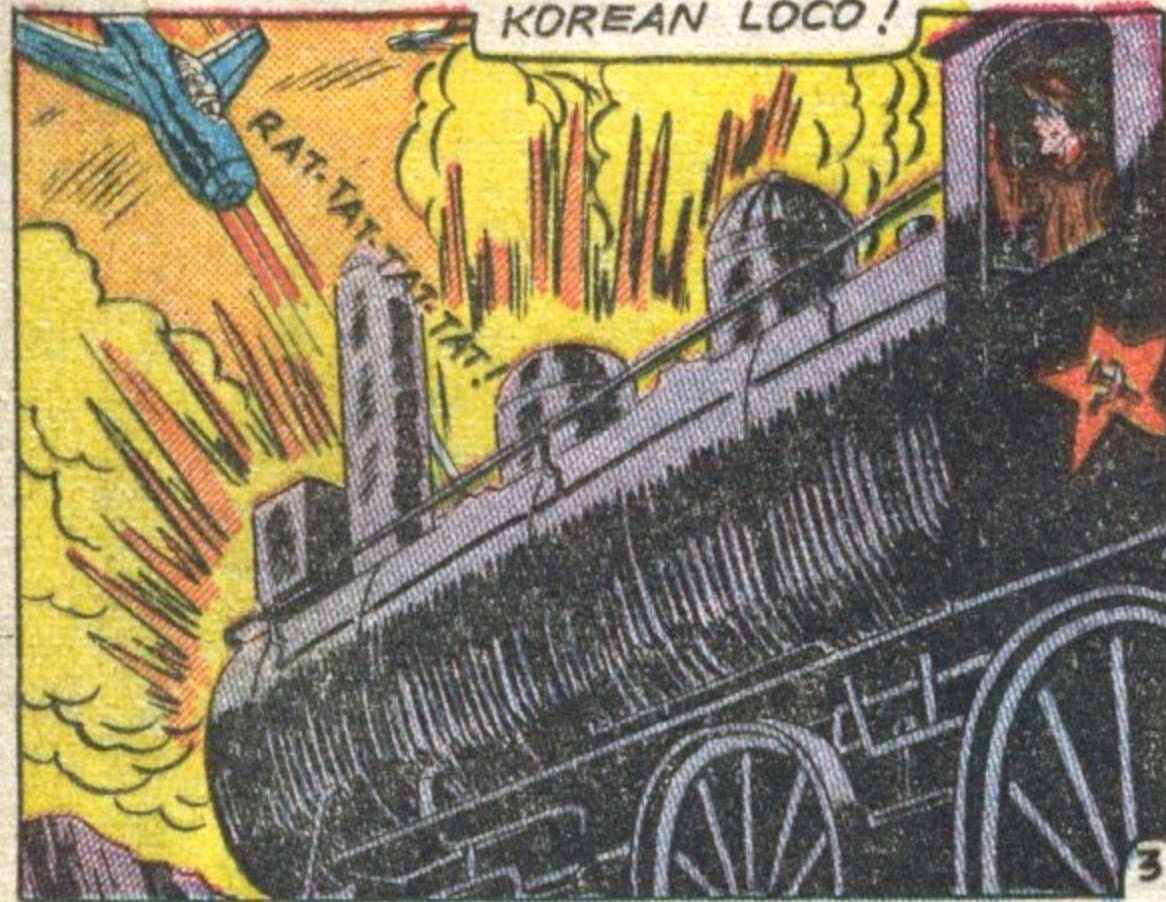


SOON AFTERWARDS, OUTSIDE OF HAEJU--

LOOKS LIKE WE HIT THE JACKPOT, BOYS! LET'S PEEL OFF AND HIT THAT LOCOMOTIVE-- IT'S THE SUREST WAY OF STOPPING THAT TRAIN!



BILLINGS AND I PEELED OFF, HITTING THE LOCOMOTIVE FROM A 180 DEGREE ANGLE, SO THAT WE COULD STRAFE THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE TRAIN AFTERWARDS-- AND OUR BULLETS MADE A SIEVE OUT OF THAT KOREAN LOCO!



BUT TRAVELING AT SUPERSONIC SPEED, WE DIDN'T REALIZE UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE THAT THERE WERE RED ACK-ACK BATTERIES ON FLAT-CARS INTERSPERSED THROUGH THE LENGTH OF THE TRAIN! AND THEIR ACCURACY WAS DEADLY!



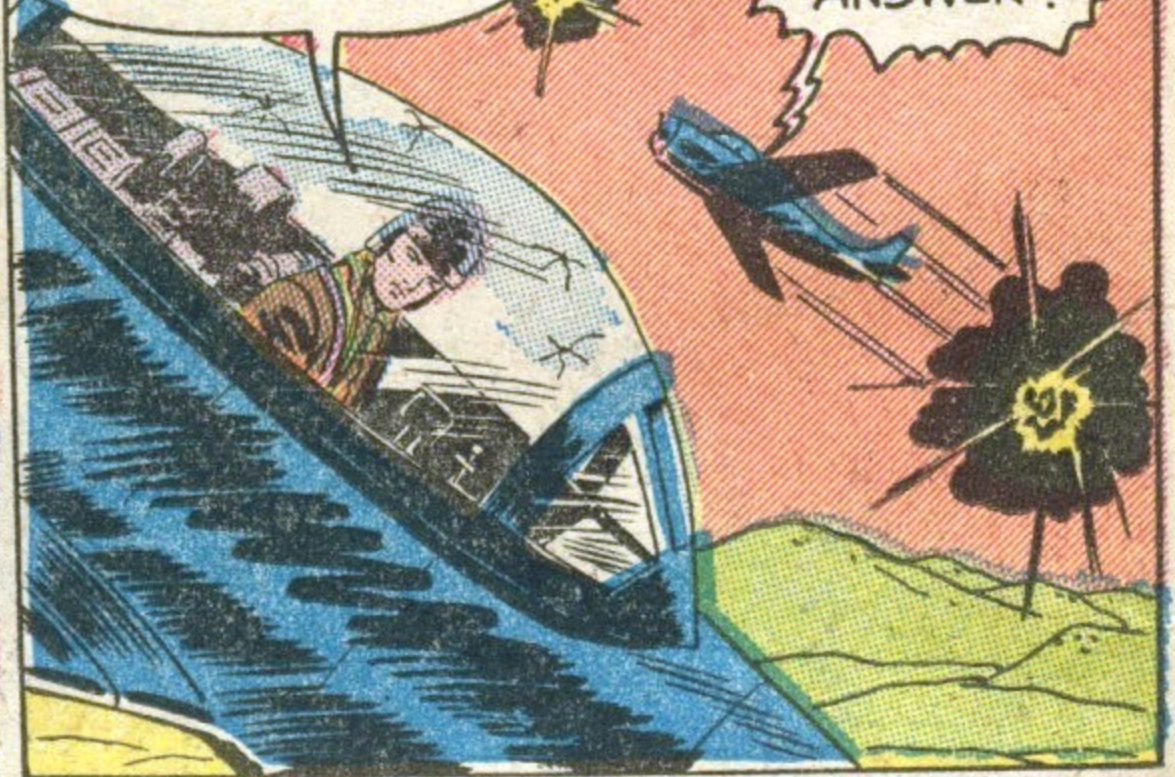
SOMEHOW, BILLINGS AND I BOTH SURVIVED THAT WITHERING FIRE! I GOT OUT WITHOUT A SCRATCH, BUT BILLINGS WASN'T SO LUCKY!

THEY... THEY GOT ME, BOYS-- BUT I THINK I CAN GET BACK TO THE BASE OKAY! WE MIGHT AS WELL ALL HEAD BACK--THAT TRAIN IS JUST A BOOBY-TRAP FOR STRAFING PLANES-- AND IT'S TOO RISKY TO MAKE ANOTHER PASS AT IT! YOU, MULVANEY.. BACK IN FORMATION! YOU OKAY?



WAIT.. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING PLENTY VALUABLE IN THOSE BOX-CARS IF THE REDS HAVE ALL THAT ACK-ACK PROTECTION! THIS IS CHARLIE.. REQUESTING PERMISSION TO TAKE ANOTHER SHOT AT THOSE BOX-CARS!

MULVANEY.. WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?

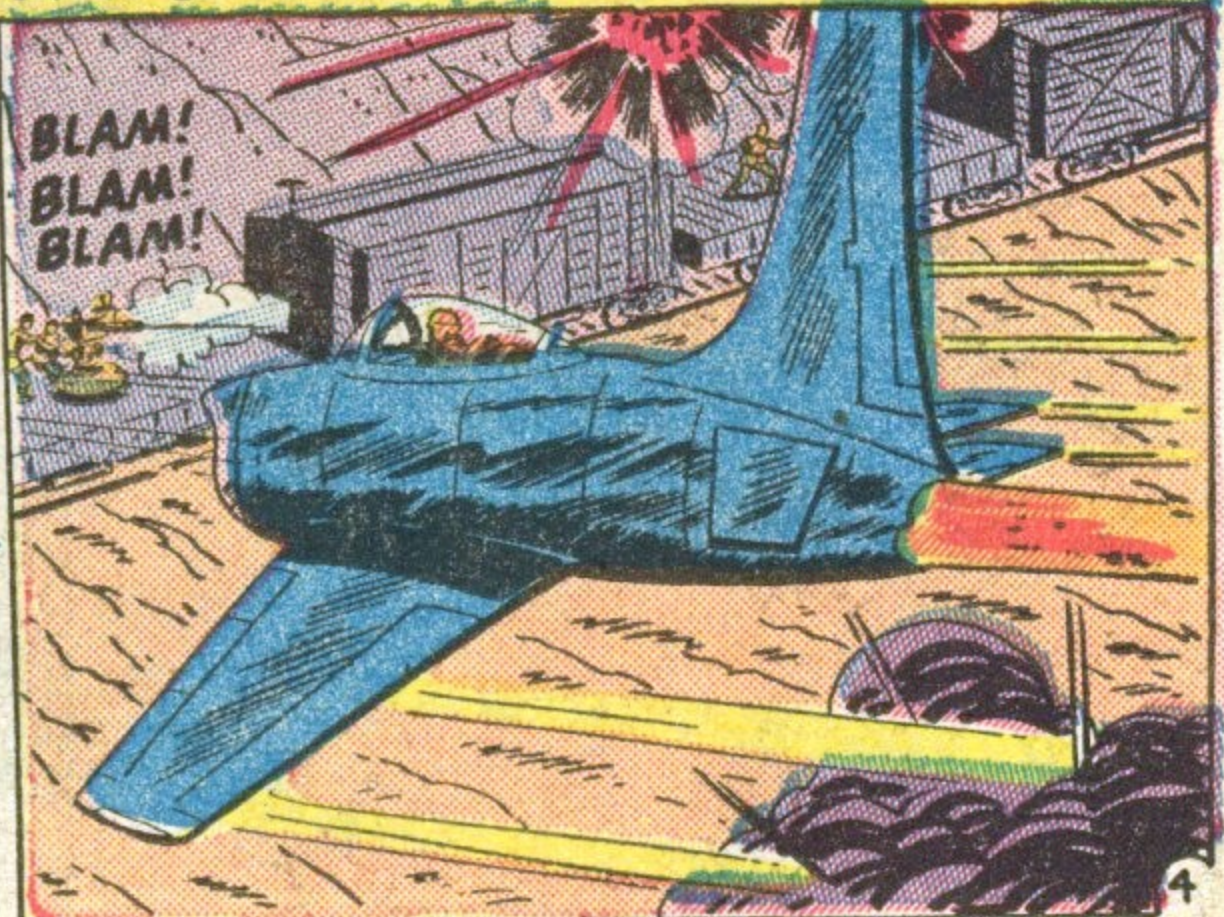


IT WAS THEN THAT I **KNEW** THE ANSWER!

THAT FLAK BURST I CAUGHT MUST HAVE KNOCKED MY RADIO TRANSMITTER OUT OF COMMISSION-- ALTHOUGH I CAN STILL RECEIVE MESSAGES! BUT IF I JUST PRETEND I **CAN'T** RECEIVE, THEN I WON'T BE VIOLATING ORDERS TO RETURN TO THE BASE!



I KNEW MY ONLY HOPE OF GETTING THROUGH THE REDS' DEADLY ACK-ACK LAY IN GOING SO FAST THAT THEY COULDN'T DRAW A BEAD ON ME! SO I GAVE 'ER THE GUN-- AND ZOOMED DOWN AT OVER SEVEN HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!



MY PLAN WORKED, FOR SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO GET THROUGH THE WITHERING FLAK! THEN IT WAS MY TURN!



IT TOOK EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH AND SKILL I HAD TO STRAIGHTEN MY PLANE OUT AFTER IT HAD BEEN BUFFETED BY THE TERRIFIC BLAST! AND AS I PULLED UP AND VEERED AWAY FROM THE TRAIN, I SAW A WHOLE SERIES OF CHAIN EXPLOSIONS RIP CAR AFTER CAR LIKE A STRING OF GIGANTIC FIRECRACKERS!

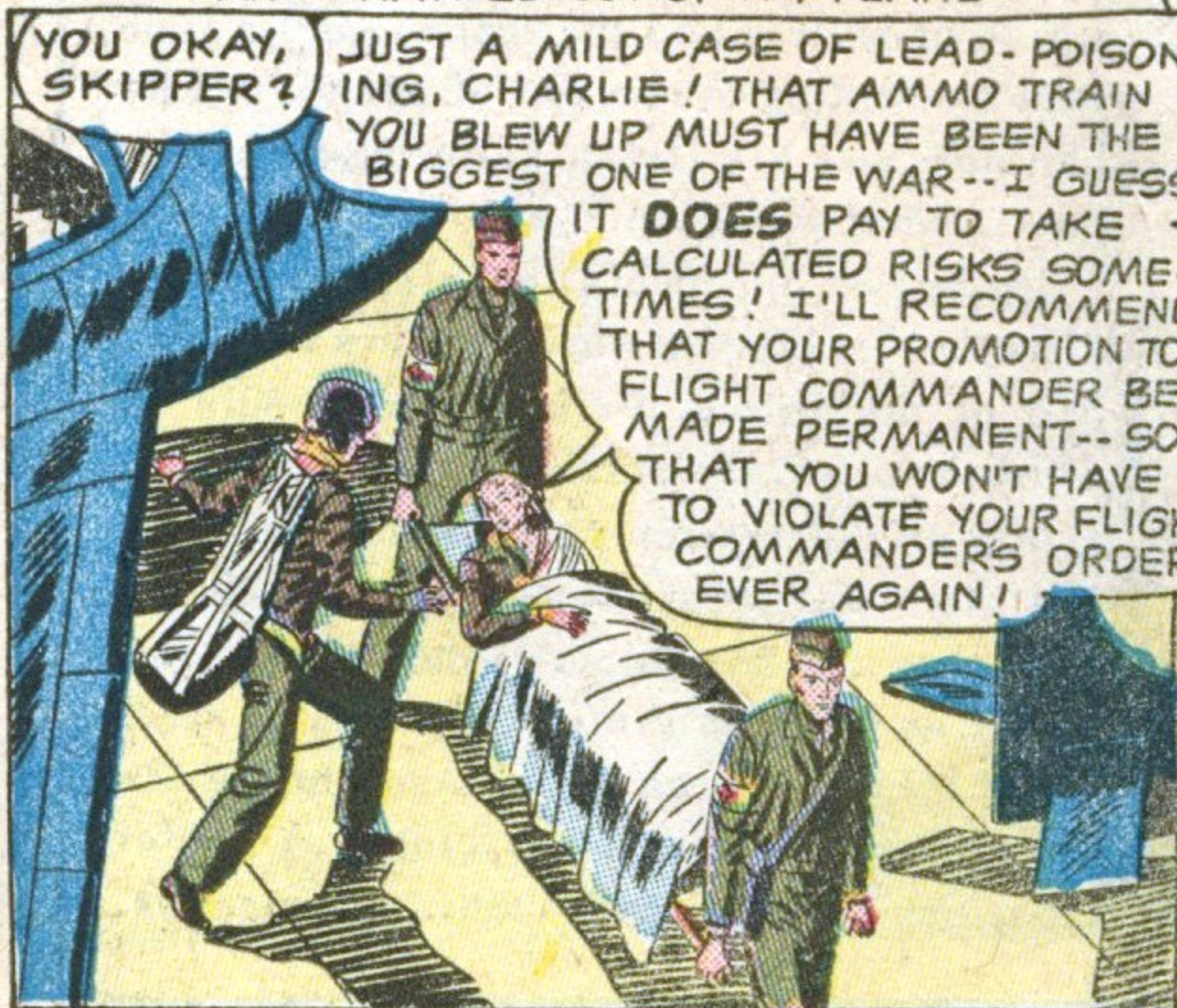
HOLY COW-- THAT WHOLE TRAIN MUST HAVE BEEN CRAMMED TO THE GILLS WITH HIGH-EXPLOSIVE AMMUNITION -- AND THE FIRST BLAST SET OFF THE WHOLE SHEBANG!



I TOOK OVER THE SQUADRON AND LED IT BACK TO THE BASE! BILLINGS' LANDING WAS KIND OF CHOPPY, BUT HE MADE IT-- AND BY THE TIME I LANDED AND CRAWLED OUT OF MY PLANE--

YOU OKAY, SKIPPER?

JUST A MILD CASE OF LEAD-POISONING, CHARLIE! THAT AMMO TRAIN YOU BLEW UP MUST HAVE BEEN THE BIGGEST ONE OF THE WAR-- I GUESS IT **DOES** PAY TO TAKE CALCULATED RISKS SOMETIMES! I'LL RECOMMEND THAT YOUR PROMOTION TO FLIGHT COMMANDER BE MADE PERMANENT-- SO THAT YOU WON'T HAVE TO VIOLATE YOUR FLIGHT COMMANDER'S ORDERS EVER AGAIN!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT, I FOUND OUT!



THEN, AS I REJOINED THE SQUADRON, WONDERING WHAT BILLINGS WOULD SAY NOW ABOUT MY VIOLATION OF ORDERS, I HEARD HIS WEAK VOICE OVER THE INTERCOM--

MULVANEY-- TAKE OVER THE SQUADRON! I... I THINK I CAN MANAGE TO GET BACK TO THE BASE, BUT I'M IN NO CONDITION TO LEAD-- SO I'M APPOINTING YOU FLIGHT COMMANDER!

THIS IS ONE ORDER I'M **HAPPY** TO FOLLOW OUT!



OH, BY THE WAY-- I KNEW YOU WERE RECEIVING MY ORDERS ON THE INTERCOM UP THERE -- BECAUSE YOU SURE OBEYED WHEN I TOLD YOU TO TAKE OVER THE SQUADRON! BUT I'LL JUST FORGET THE ORDERS YOU **DIDN'T** OBEY!

THIS SURE IS A GREAT AIR FORCE -- AND THERE ARE EVEN GREATER GUYS IN IT! **YOU'RE ONE, CHIEF**



THE END

Covering **FORCE**

IT HAD BEEN the blackest week of Danny's life. What made it worse was the knowledge that he wasn't going to live much longer. In the early days of the Korean War, the entire American battle strategy was planned to save time, to hold the lines somewhere, until more G. I.'s could be gotten into action from Japan. Danny's platoon was one of those given the toughest and most thankless job of all ...to act as a covering force and not to retreat an inch, no matter what the cost.

Danny fingered his automatic rifle and scanned the broken terrain in front of the line of foxholes his platoon had hastily dug. The enemy would be screaming across the ground any minute. They would be enormously outnumbered, and there would no doubt be tanks thrown against their small arms fire. But they could not retreat, even before such overwhelming power. The order was to hold, to sacrifice themselves, so that the larger numbers behind them could live to fight another day.

It wasn't much consolation, Danny thought, being just another expendable guy with dog tags for a soul, and he wondered if at the last minute he would bolt and try to get away. He hadn't for six days, despite everything, but a guy could only take so much. Besides, there were only fourteen men left of the original forty in the platoon. How much was a guy supposed to take?

There was a roaring whoosh overhead. He dropped deep in his hole as an artillery shell exploded nearby. Then the barrage came down like a drumfire, softening them up for the approaching charge.

The hail of heavy artillery and mortar shells was almost deafening, but the instant it lifted, Danny's head was peeking above his foxhole, gun ready. There they were, the grey-clad North Koreans, coming forward in swarms.

The machine guns on the flanks of the defense spattered into action. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! His own automatic rifle cut a deadly swath through the onrushing troops. They fell in clusters, but more came, and more, and more. Feverishly he fed more magazines into his hot gun. A buddy screamed on his right, the agonized yell of a dying man. Another shrieked from the left. Danny shuddered. The platoon was getting smaller every second.

It all seemed so useless. They would be overrun soon, but maybe, maybe it was worth laying down your life. After all, weren't there thousands of guys who would have done the same for him? Didn't he already owe his own life to the brave G. I.'s who had held sacrifice positions so that he might survive? With increased determination he smacked another magazine into his rifle. BRUPP-BRAT-TAT-TAT! The Koreans were toppling like tenpins in his path, but more were coming, always more.

Suddenly, when Danny reached for a fresh magazine, a chill of horror swept over him. HE WAS OUT OF AMMUNITION! Desperately he pulled the pins on the two hand-grenades he had on his belt. He threw them accurately, and watched a cluster of Reds go down screaming. Now the clatter and whine of bullets and the roar of shells rose to a maddening crescendo of sound. All he had now was his trench knife. Not much against what was coming at him.

He leaped out of his foxhole, almost exultantly. At last he would get his hands on one of the enemy. Perhaps that would be worth the price. Two or three voices shouted at him, all that remained now of his buddies. But there was no sense listening. He felt a slug tear into his thigh. It didn't hurt. Not nearly as much as the eight inches of steel hurt the North Korean he managed to get his knife into. And then everything was confusion, and pain, and then...nothingness.

Captain CROSSBONES



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN KING PHILIP OF SPAIN... MASTER OF THE GREATEST REALM SINCE THE ROMAN EMPIRE... LAID CLAIM TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND! FOR YEARS, SEA RAIDERS LIKE **CAPTAIN CROSSBONES** HAD MOCKED SPANISH POWER AND PLUNDERED SPANISH GOLD... BUT FINALLY THE GRANDEES OF CASTILE MADE READY FOR REVENGE... TO BE METED OUT BY **TIGRE DEL MAR**... THE DREAD **SEA TIGER**, ON THE PROWL FOR ENGLISH BLOOD!

LATE ONE NIGHT... ATOP THE TOWER OF LONDON...

I KNOW I SHOULDN'T HAVE VENTURED OUT THIS LATE ALONE... BUT AN URGENT NOTE TOLD ME NOT TO FAIL TO COME HERE... **IN SECRET!**



Then... AS A TALL FIGURE STRIDES THROUGH THE HAZE...

CAPTAIN CROSSBONES!

I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T FAIL ME, LADY NANCY!



DARLING... I THOUGHT THE **RED ROVER** WAS ANCHORED IN THE SEA ROAD... A FULL THIRTY MILES AWAY!

IT IS... WE'VE BEEN MARKING TIME UNTIL THE QUEEN'S COUNCIL DECIDES WHETHER TO RENEW THE WAR AGAINST SPAIN! BUT I HAD TO SPEND AN HOUR ALONE WITH YOU, SWEETHEART... **WITHOUT THE QUEEN KNOWING I'M ASHORE!**



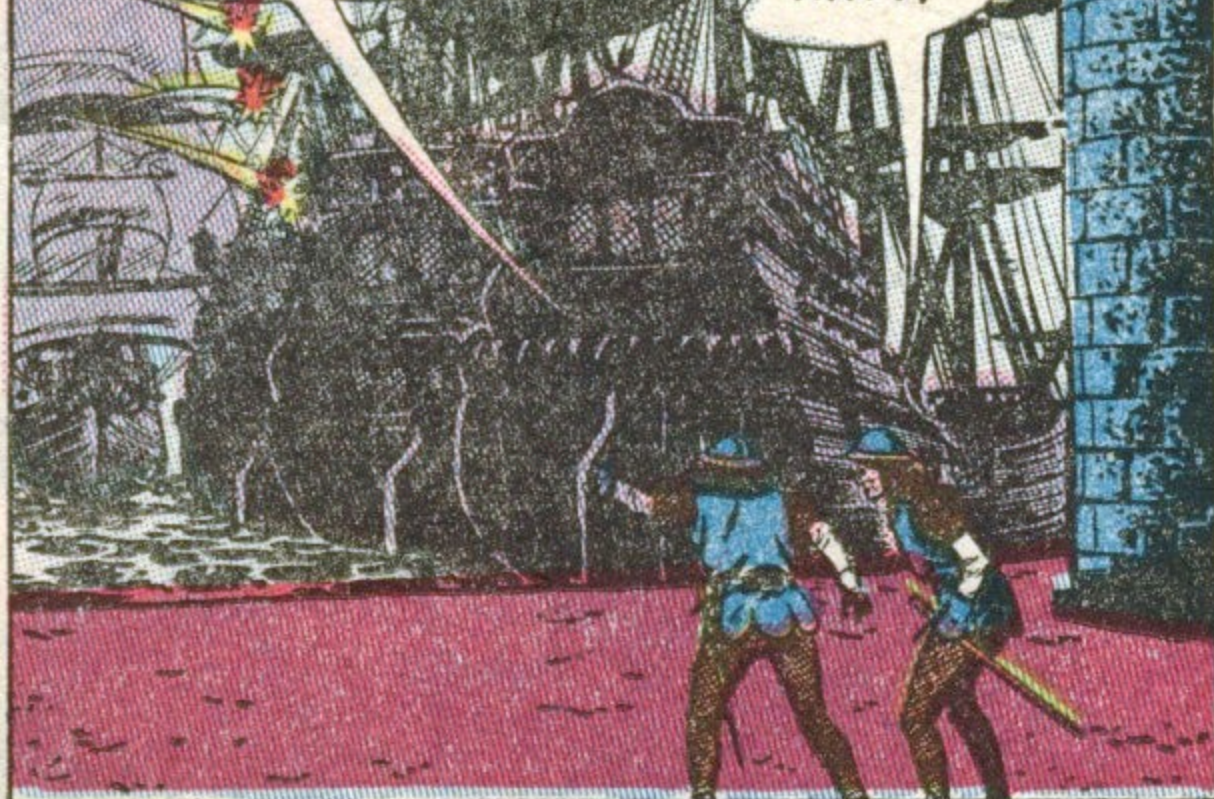
THE QUEEN IS SURE OF PEACE...AND MY APPEARANCE AT THE COURT MIGHT MEAN A ROYAL COMMAND TO MAKE A LONG VOYAGE...**THE VERY THING I WANT TO AVOID!** I HAVE NO PROOF THAT WOULD SATISFY THE QUEEN...BUT I'VE LEARNED KING PHILIP OF SPAIN HAS A NEW PLOT AFOOT...AND I'VE DECIDED TO STAY CLOSE TO ENGLAND!



AT THAT MOMENT...A DARKENED VESSEL GLIDES TOWARD THE TOWER WALL!

LOOK...THE ROGUES ARE THROWING TORCHES!

AY...THEY'RE FIRING THE THREE LARGEST SHIPS OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY!



AN INSTANT LATER...FROM A TOPMAST FLAUNTING THE COLORS OF CASTILE...



GOOD HEAVENS, CROSSBONES...WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IT'S A SPANISH RAID...LED BY A SCURVY VARLET WITH WHOM I'VE CROSSED BLADES ONCE BEFORE!



IN THE RUDDY GLARE OF THE MOUNTING FLAMES...

ARRIBA! OUR WAY IS CLEAR TO THE CHAMBER THAT GUARDS THE SYMBOLS OF ENGLISH POWER!



HAH! THE BOASTFUL ENGLISH WILL LEARN THAT NO MERE HANDFUL OF GUARDS CAN HOLD ANY TERRORS FOR ME...TIGRE DEL MAR!



TIGRE DEL MAR...THE SEA TIGER! HE'S THE BLACK-HEARTED BUCANNEER WHO CARRIES OUT SPECIAL MISSIONS FOR THE KING OF SPAIN...AND THIS DARING ATTACK ON THE TOWER ITSELF MAKES IT PLAIN WHAT HE'S AFTER THIS TIME...THE CROWN AND SCEPTER OF ENGLAND!





KEEP BACK, NANCY!

CAPTAIN CROSS-BONES! SPANISH STEEL HAS WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT ... HAVE AT HIM!



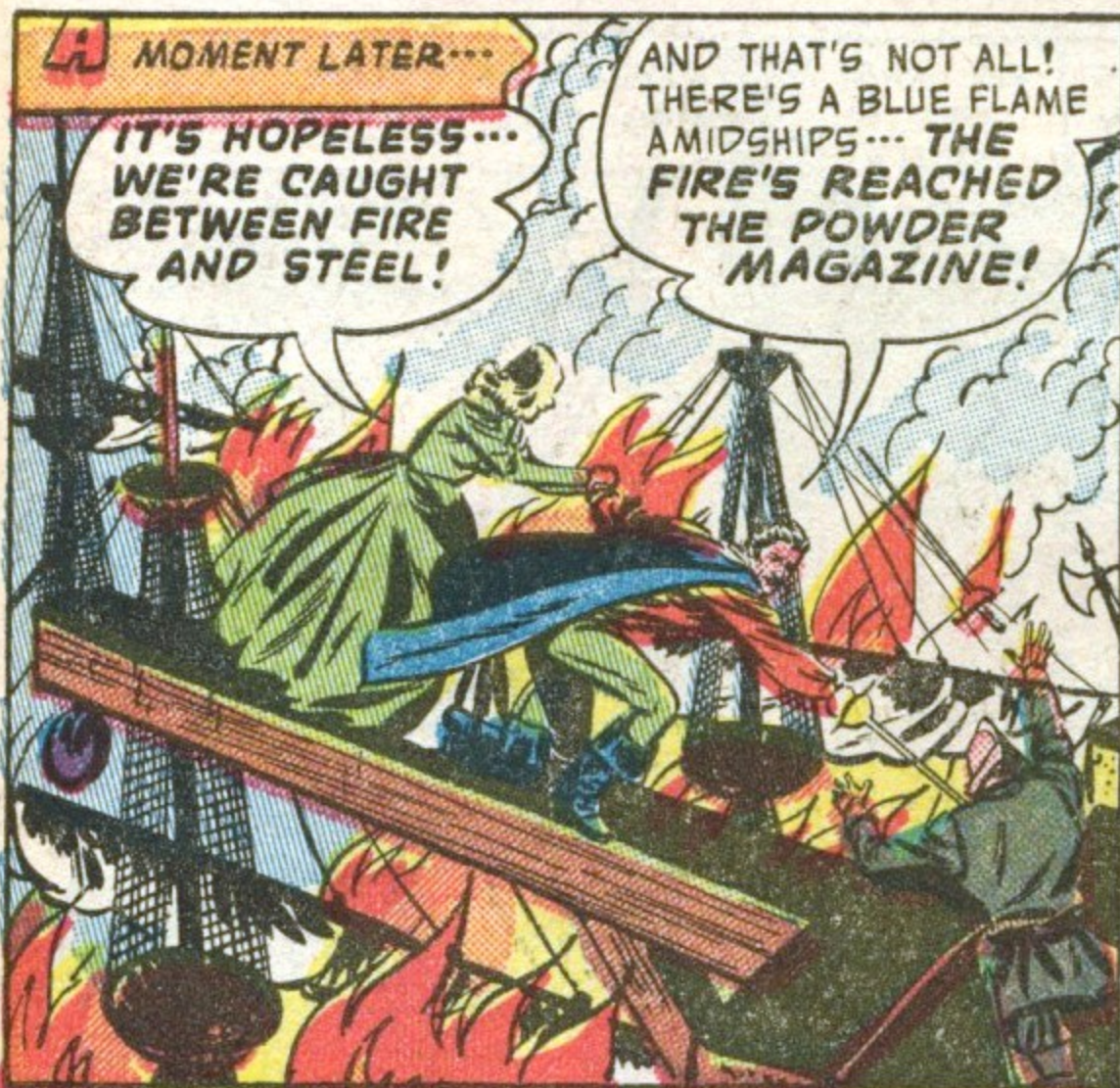
MAKE WAY, YOU SWABS ... THE DOG I SEEK IS TIGRE DEL MAR!

AAAGH!



MY MEN WILL DEAL WITH YOU! AT THE MOMENT ... I'M INTERESTED IN SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOUR SCURVY THROAT!

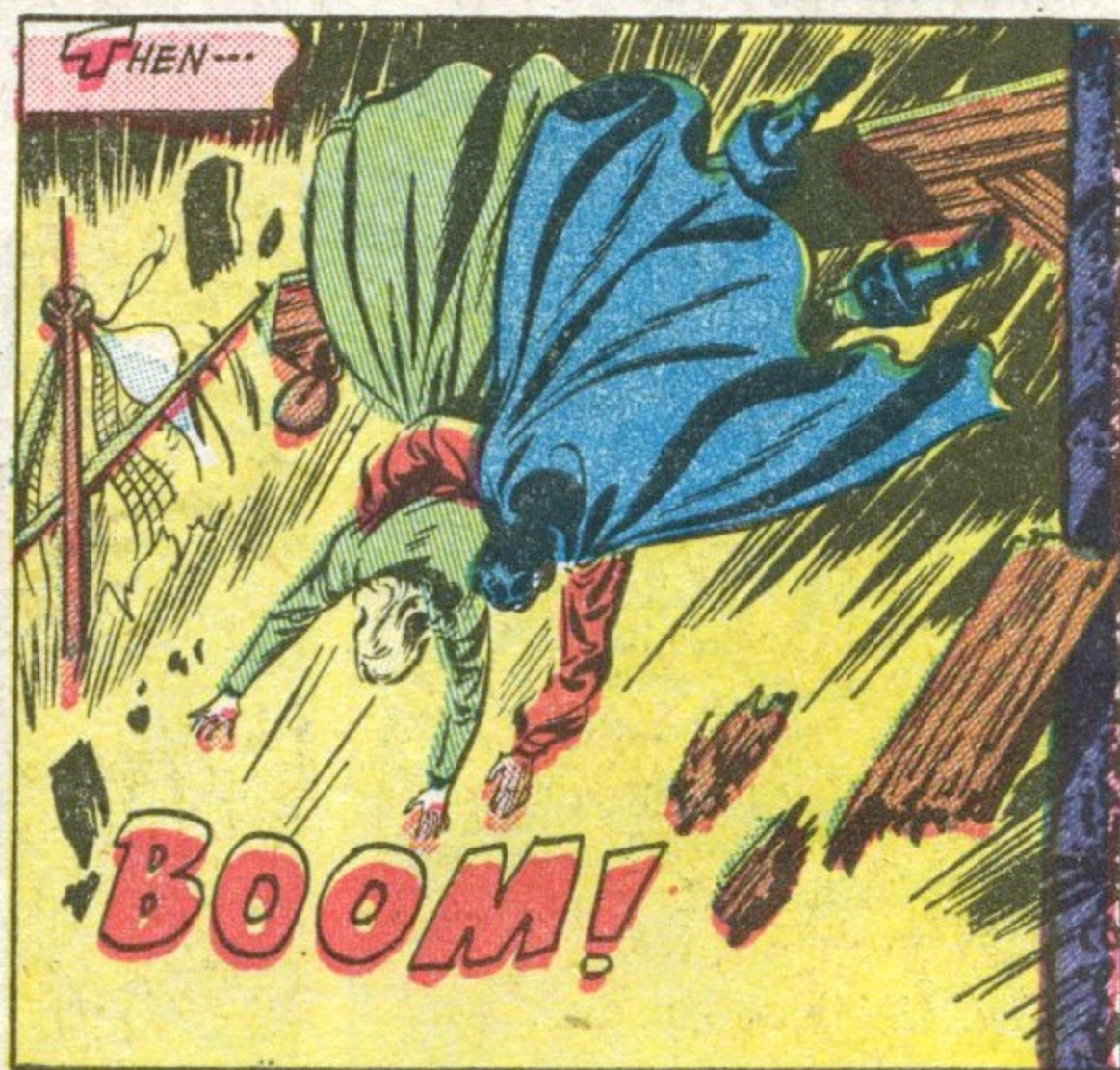
CROSSBONES ... THEY'RE PRODDING US TOWARD THE EDGE!



A MOMENT LATER ...

IT'S HOPELESS ... WE'RE CAUGHT BETWEEN FIRE AND STEEL!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! THERE'S A BLUE FLAME AMIDSHIPS ... THE FIRE'S REACHED THE POWDER MAGAZINE!



THEN ...

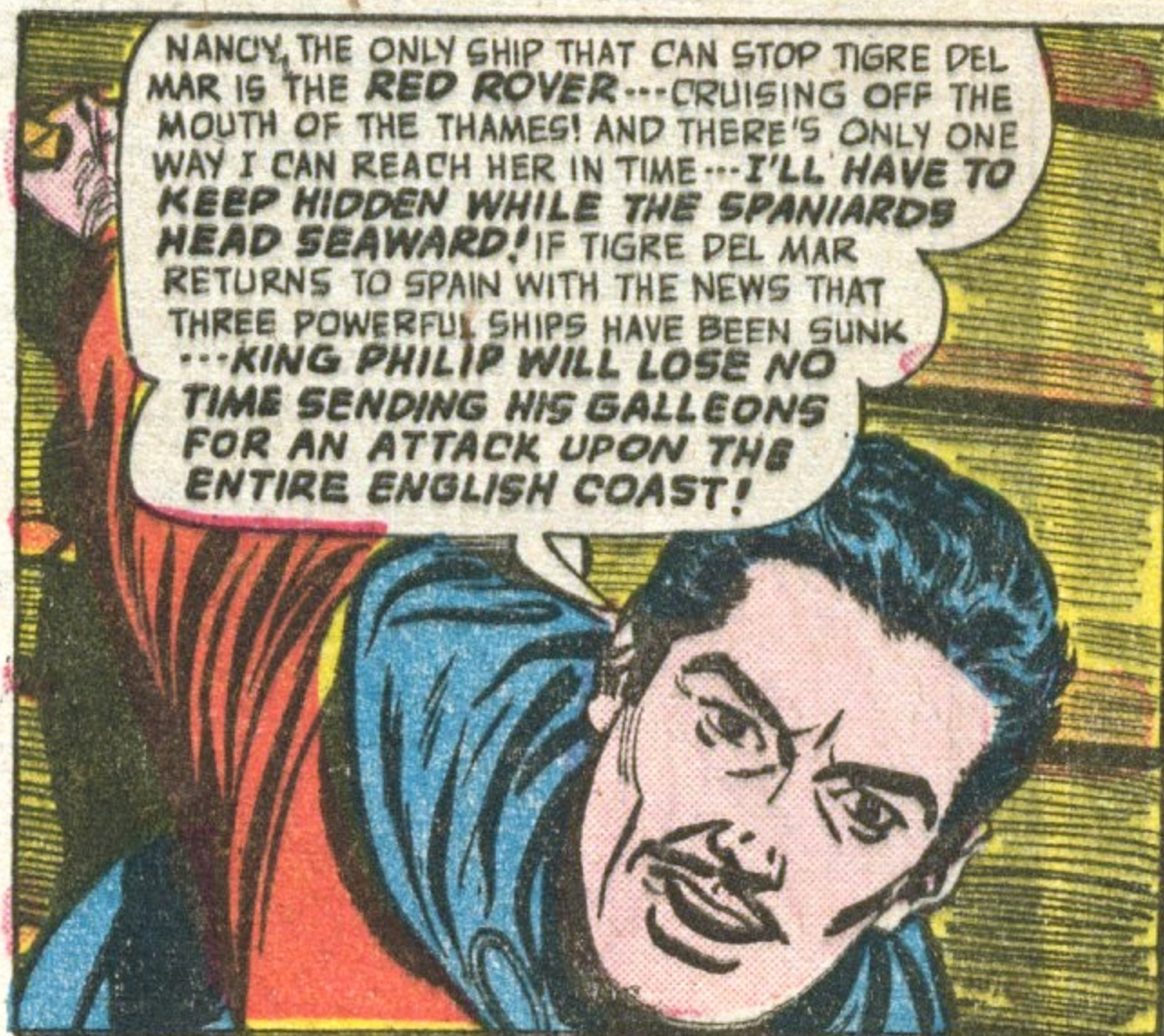
BOOM!

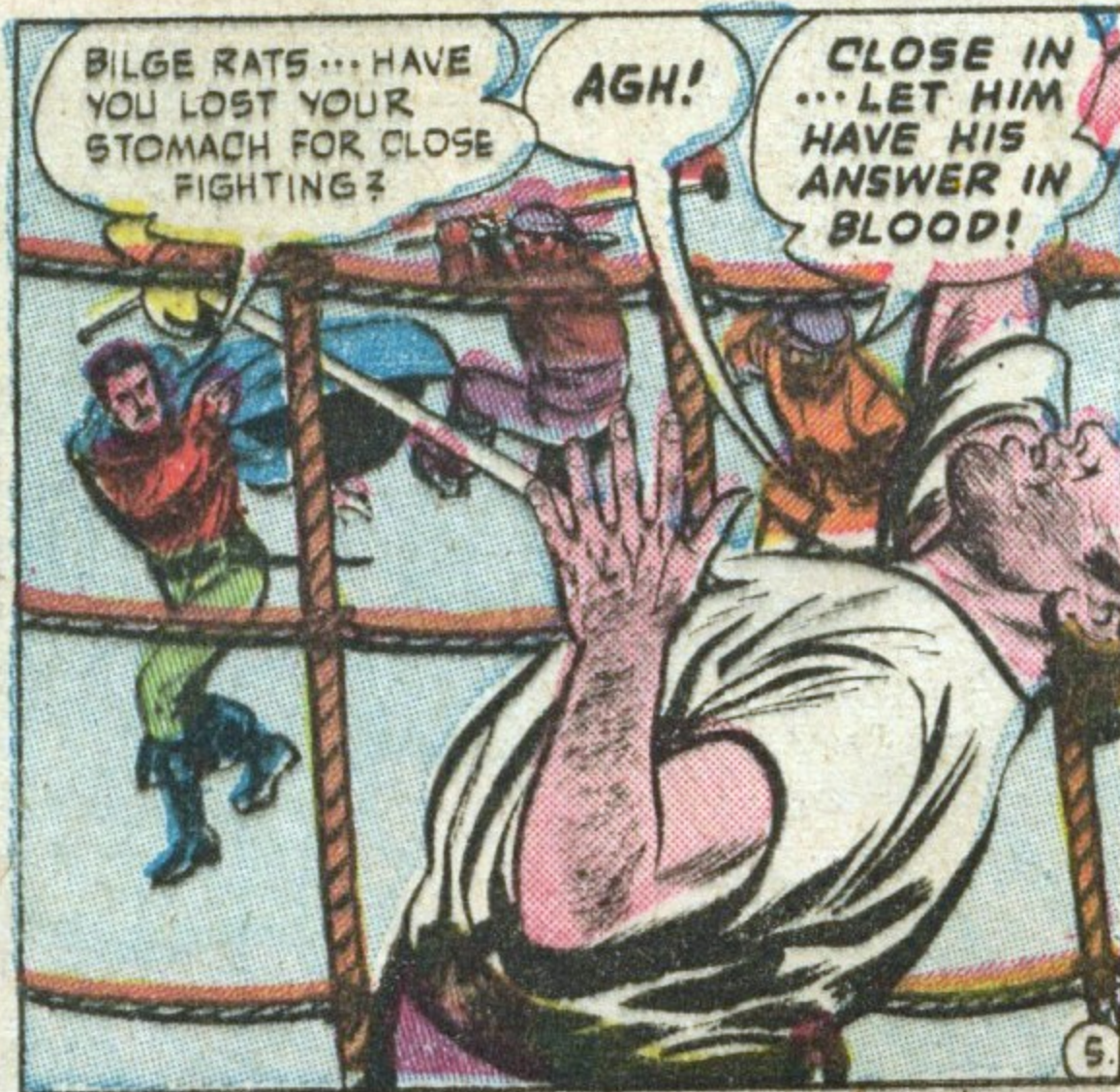


HA! TONIGHT QUEEN ELIZABETH LOSES NOT ONLY HER CROWN ... BUT THE SWAGGERING RUFFIAN WHO FOUGHT HARDEST TO DEFEND IT!



IN THE SAME INSTANT ...







AS THE SPANISH SHIP HEADS INTO THE CHANNEL---

GET UP! WE'LL SAIL OUT OF THE THAMES WITH **YOU** SWAYING BY A ROPE FROM THE YARDARM... A FINAL MOCKERY TO THE ENGLISH FOOLS WHO CANNOT EVEN HOLD ON TO THEIR ROYAL CROWN!



AND WHAT ABOUT **RED ROVER**... LAYING

TO JUST OUTSIDE THE THAMES? AT THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF MY BODY THROUGH DUKE'S SPYGLASS... **YOU AND YOUR BARNACLED HULK WILL BE LIFTED OUT OF THE WATER BY A BROADSIDE!**

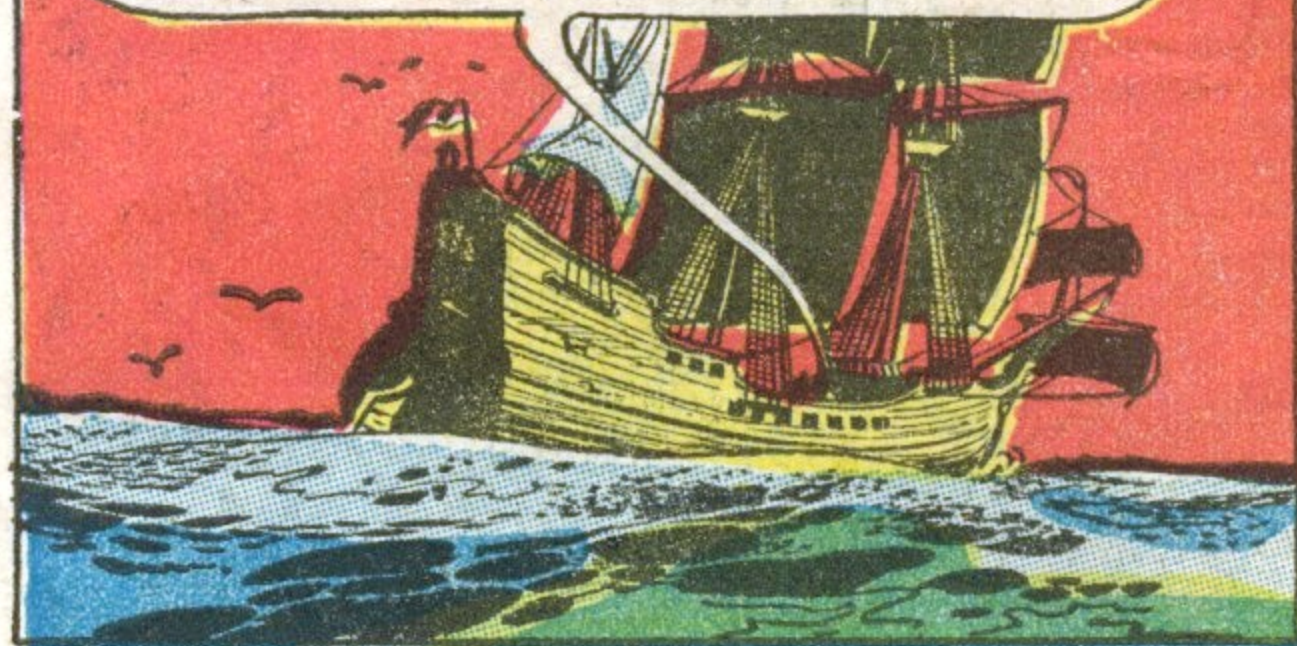
FOR AN INSTANT, CROSSBONES STUDIES THE SHIFTING GLANCES OF THE SPANIARDS... LIKE JACKALS ON THE TRAIL OF EASY PREY!

AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY THE **RED ROVER** HASN'T PUT OUT TO SEA... I'LL TELL YOU PLAINLY! SHE'S WAITING FOR THE FIRST SEA LORD TO BRING WORD OF EITHER PEACE OR WAR WITH SPAIN!

WAITING, EH? AND SUPPOSE... SUPPOSE HER CREW THOUGHT IT WAS **PEACE**?



YOU WILL BE THE FIRST SEA LORD, CROSSBONES... WEARING THE FINERY OF AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL WE CAPTURED AT CADIZ! DISGUISED, YOU'LL CROSS TO THE **RED ROVER** IN OUR LONGBOAT... AND YOU'LL HAVE A BRACE OF HIDDEN PISTOLS POINTED AT YOUR HEART TO MAKE SURE YOU PLAY YOUR PART WELL! **YOU'LL PRETEND PEACE HAS BEEN DECLARED**... AND THAT TO PROVE HER FRIENDSHIP FOR SPAIN, THE QUEEN HAS SENT HER FIRST SEA LORD DOWN THE THAMES IN A SPANISH VESSEL!



THE CREW OF THE **RED ROVER** IS TO BE MUSTERED ON DECK IN CEREMONIAL ARRAY... WHILE THE TWO SHIPS DRAW ALONGSIDE AND EXCHANGE FLAGS! **THAT** WILL MEAN THEIR GUNS WILL BE UNMANNED... THEY'LL BE GROUPED FOR SLAUGHTER WHEN WE OPEN UP WITH A BROADSIDE THAT SWEEPS THE QUARTERDECK! AFTER THAT... MY BOARDING PARTY WILL HAVE LITTLE TO DO OTHER THAN KILL OFF THE WOUNDED!



YOUR PLAN LACKS ONLY A TRAITOR, ROGUE... **AND YOU WON'T FIND ONE NAMED CROSSBONES!**



YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND, MY FRIEND... OR BE KEELHAULED UNTIL YOUR SPINE IS LAID BARE!



I DIDN'T WANT TO GIVE IN TOO EASILY... BUT **TIGRE DEL MAR'S TRAP IS JUST THE BLUNDER I WAS HOPING FOR!**





TOWARD DAWN...

VERY IMPOSING, CROSSBONES! YOU CAN BE THANKFUL FOR YOUR HIDE THAT YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND!

AY... BUT I HAVEN'T CHANGED MY FACE! I'LL NEED MORE THAN AN ADMIRAL'S BATON TO DECEIVE MY CREW!



BUT SUPPOSE YOU CLOSELY RESEMBLE THIS MINIATURE OF THE FIRST SEA LORD? HOSEIN HAS LEARNED THE ART OF DISGUISE IN THE COURTS OF THE CALIPHS -- AND HE HAS DECEIVED FAR SHREWER MEN THAN YOUR SCURVY CUTTHROATS!



SOON AFTERWARD...

NOW COMES THE TEST! UNLESS I PLAY MY PART WELL... **THE RED ROVER IS AS GOOD AS SCUTTLED!**

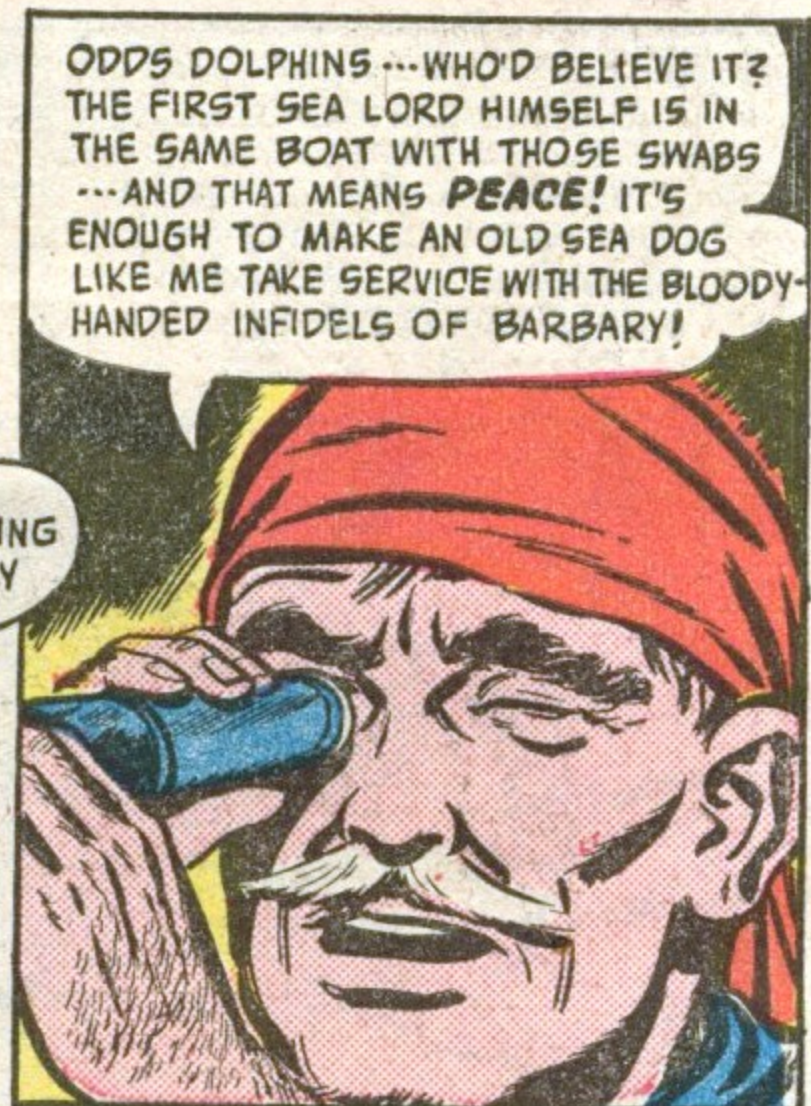
REMEMBER, BE ON GUARD -- AND BLAST HIM TO HIS TRIPES AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TREACHERY!



ABOARD THE RED ROVER...

LOOK AT 'EM, DUKE... **THE COLORS OF SPAIN!** THAT'S ALL THE CHALLENGE WE NEED, MATE... **GIVE THE ORDER FOR A BROADSIDE!**

HOLD YOUR FIRE! THEY'VE VEERED TOO OPENLY... THERE'S A BOAT PUTTING OUT... AND SKEWER MY CARCASS IF I CAN GUESS WHAT'S BEHIND IT!

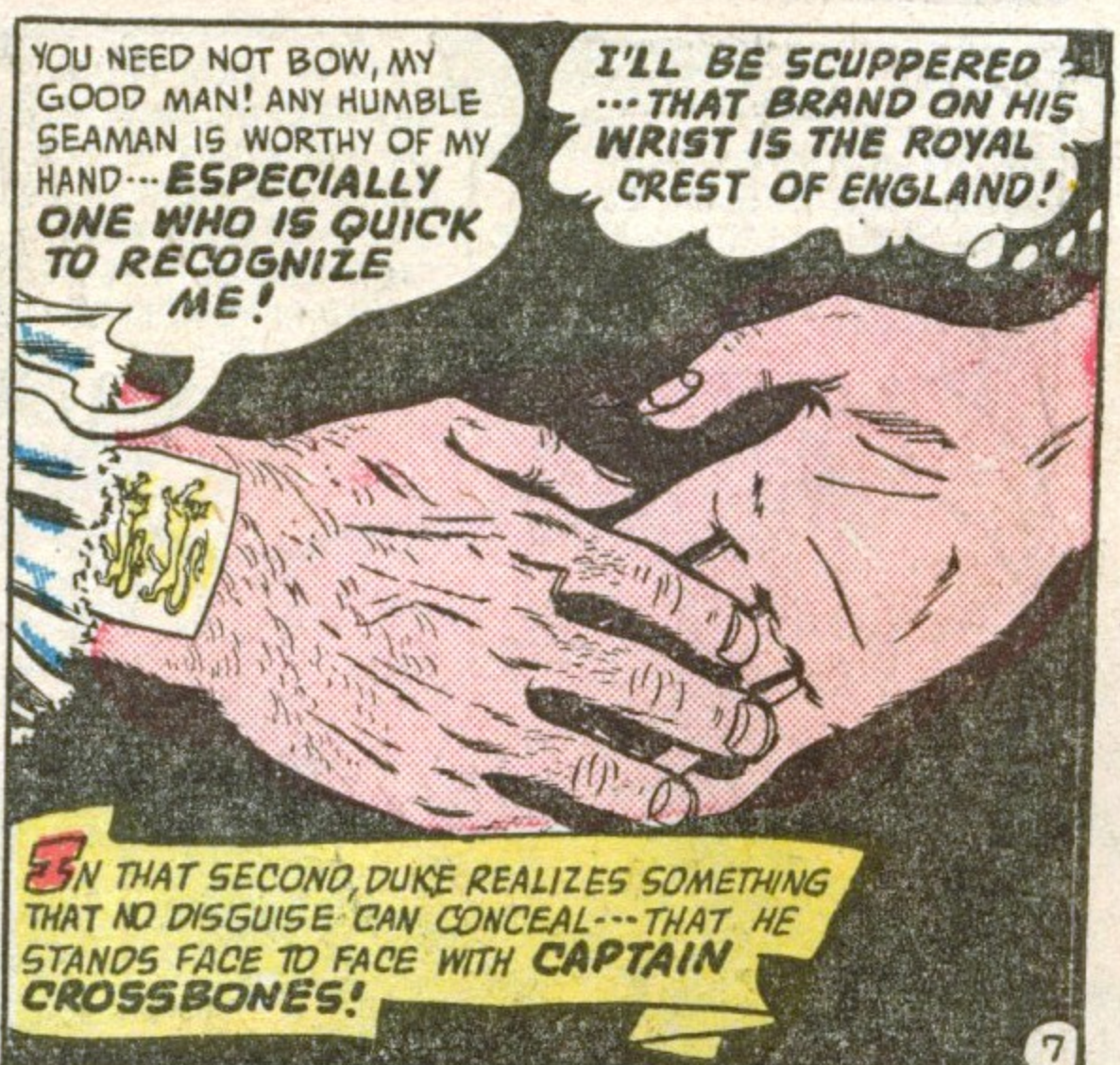


ODDS DOLPHINS... WHO'D BELIEVE IT? THE FIRST SEA LORD HIMSELF IS IN THE SAME BOAT WITH THOSE SWABS -- AND THAT MEANS **PEACE!** IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE AN OLD SEA DOG LIKE ME TAKE SERVICE WITH THE BLOODY-HANDED INFIDELS OF BARBARY!



NO TRICKS, CROSSBONES -- OR YOU DIE ON YOUR OWN DECK!

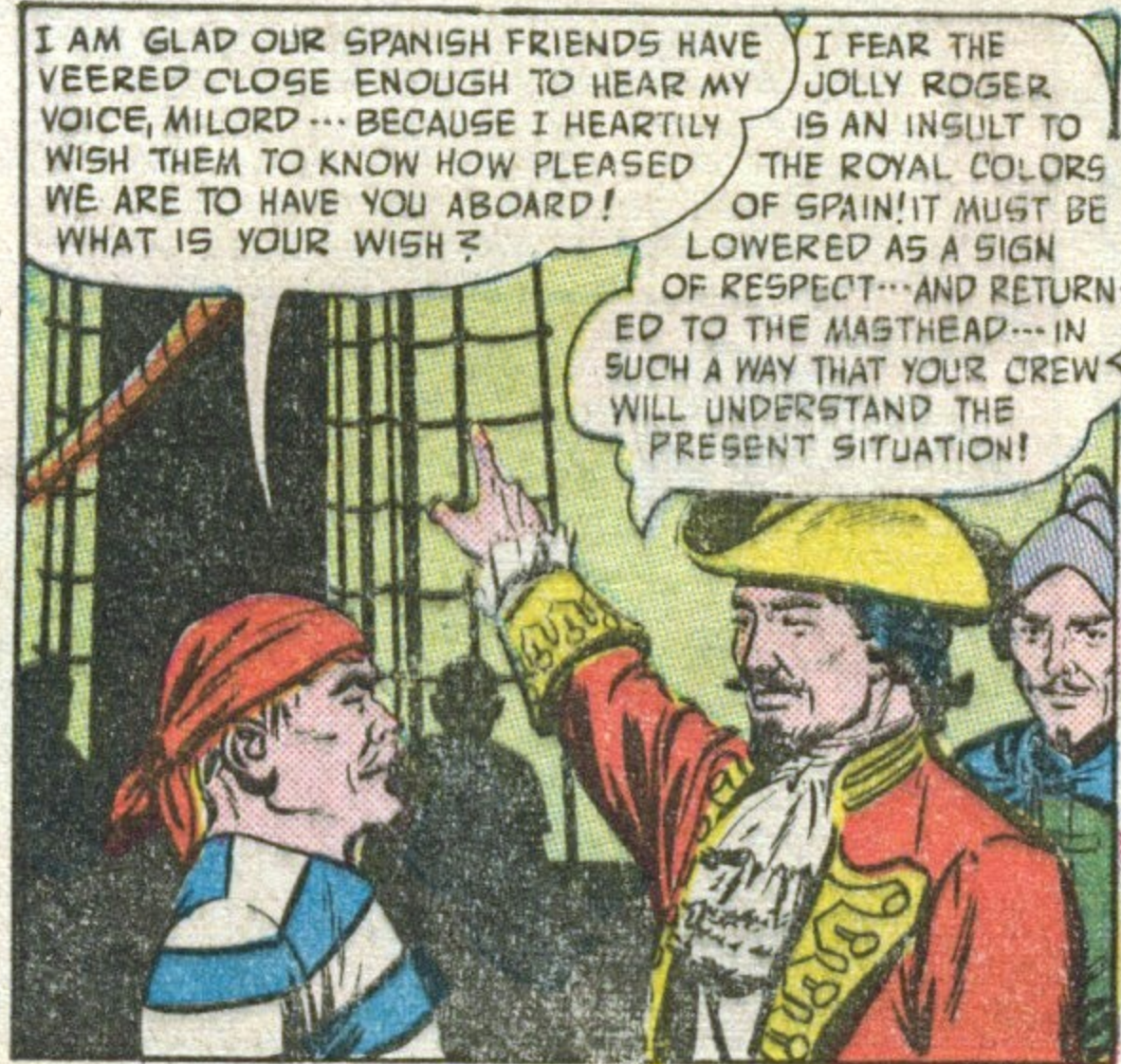
AS SECOND IN COMMAND, MILORD -- I BID YOU WELCOME TO THE **RED ROVER!**



YOU NEED NOT BOW, MY GOOD MAN! ANY HUMBLE SEAMAN IS WORTHY OF MY HAND... **ESPECIALLY ONE WHO IS QUICK TO RECOGNIZE ME!**

I'LL BE SCUPPERED -- THAT BRAND ON HIS WRIST IS THE ROYAL CREST OF ENGLAND!

IN THAT SECOND, DUKE REALIZES SOMETHING THAT NO DISGUISE CAN CONCEAL... THAT HE STANDS FACE TO FACE WITH **CAPTAIN CROSSBONES!**



I AM GLAD OUR SPANISH FRIENDS HAVE VEERED CLOSE ENOUGH TO HEAR MY VOICE, MILORD... BECAUSE I HEARTILY WISH THEM TO KNOW HOW PLEASED WE ARE TO HAVE YOU ABOARD! WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

I FEAR THE JOLLY ROGER IS AN INSULT TO THE ROYAL COLORS OF SPAIN! IT MUST BE LOWERED AS A SIGN OF RESPECT... AND RETURNED TO THE MASTHEAD... IN SUCH A WAY THAT YOUR CREW WILL UNDERSTAND THE PRESENT SITUATION!



PICKLE ME CARCASS... IF HIS LACE-TRIMMED LORDSHIP AIN'T OVER-QUICK TER MAKE US DIP **OUR** COLORS!

AY! IT'D BE A DIFFERENT STORY IF CROSSBONES WAS ABOARD... INSTEAD OF A COURTLY JACK-ANAPES WILLING TER DANCE TER THE SPANISH TUNE!



AS TIGRE DEL MAR WATCHES...

AHA... CAPTAIN CROSSBONES IS PLAYING HIS PART WELL! THE ENGLISH RABBLE IS IDLING ON DECK, COMPLETELY OFF GUARD... **WHILE WE EDGE CLOSER!**



BUT AN INSTANT LATER...

PASS THE WORD... **THE JOLLY ROGER'S UPSIDE DOWN! LOOK TO YOUR GUNS!**



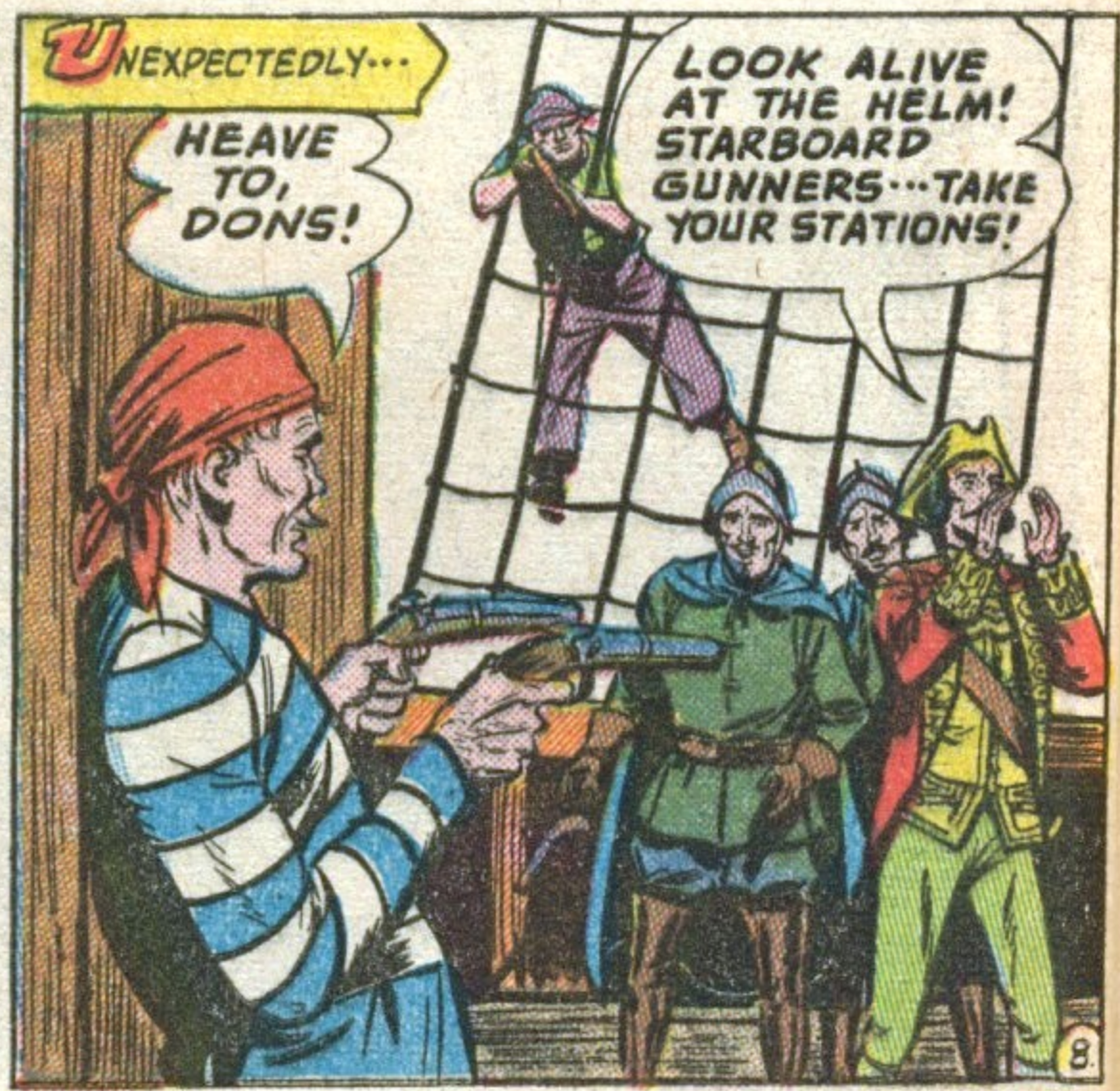
LOOK TO YOUR GUNS... AND LIVELY-O!



THEN...

BY THE HORNS OF THE DEVIL... THE ENGLISH BESTIR THEMSELVES STRANGELY! BE ON GUARD... **THEY SUSPECT SOMETHING!**

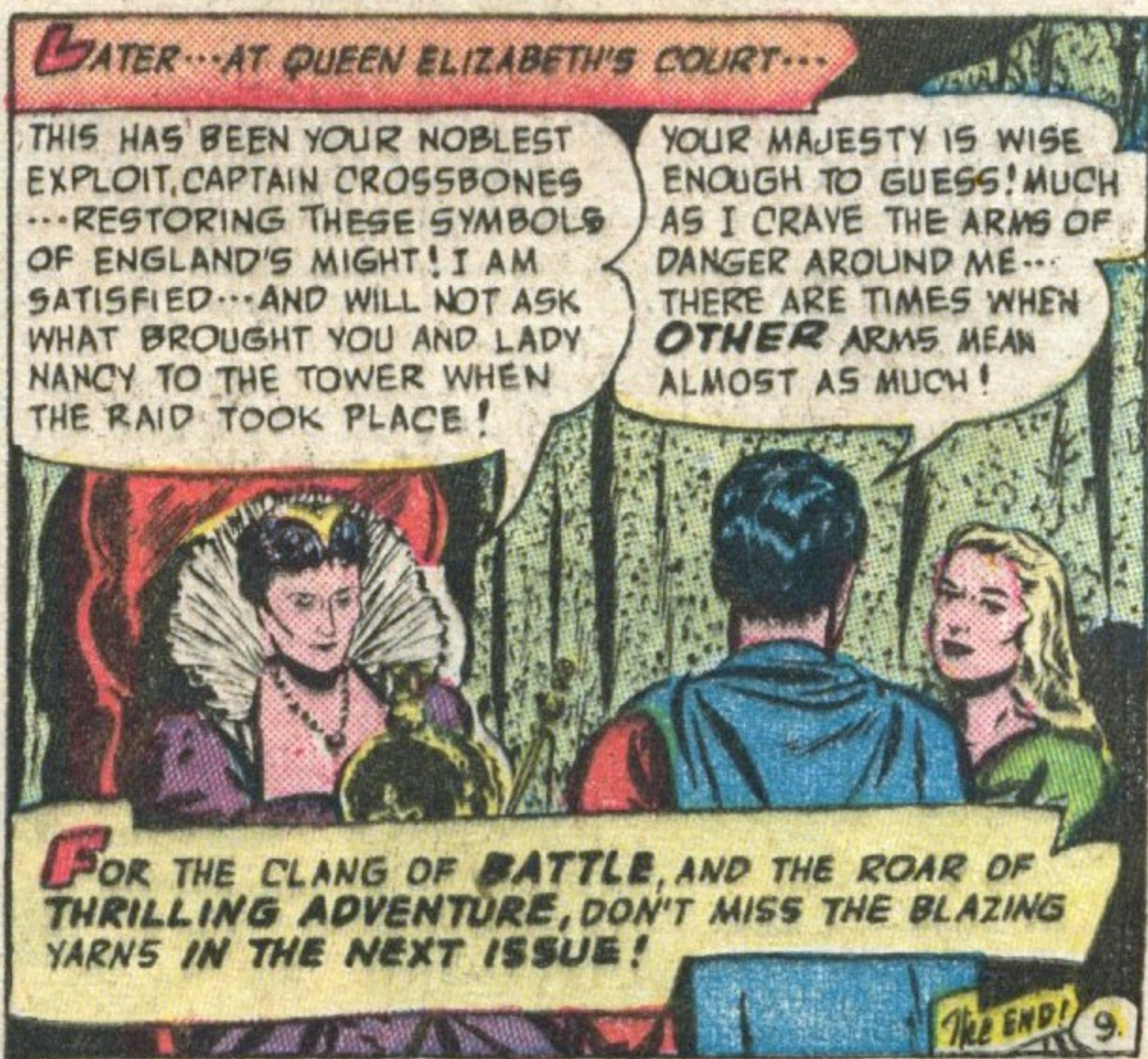
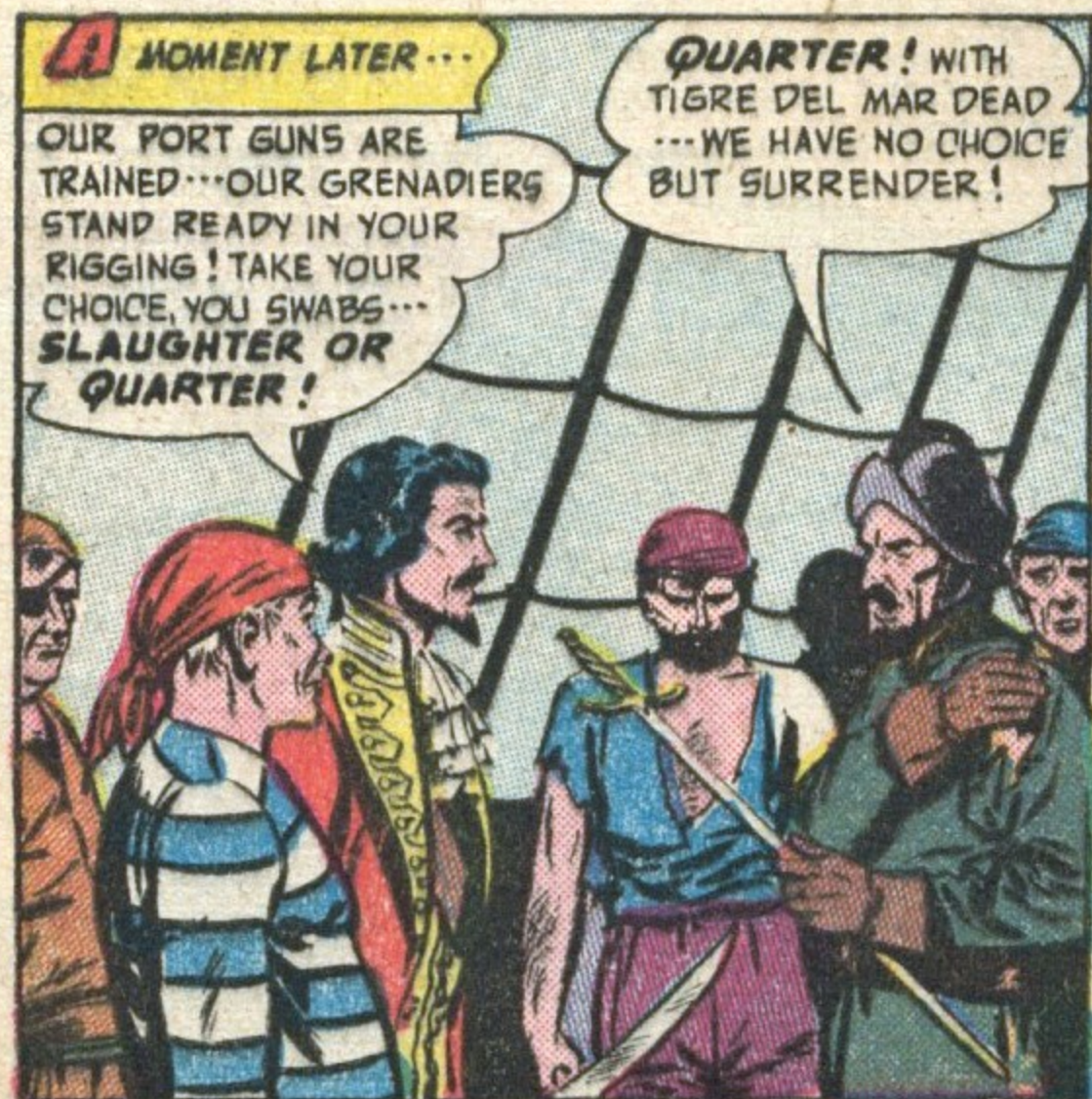
THAT IS YOUR DEATH WARRANT, CROSSBONES! WE ARE READY TO DIVE CLEAR AND SWIM TO OUR SHIP... LEAVING **YOU** WITH TWO OUNCES OF LEAD IN YOUR LIVER!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

HEAVE TO, DONS!

LOOK ALIVE AT THE HELM! STARBOARD GUNNERS... TAKE YOUR STATIONS!



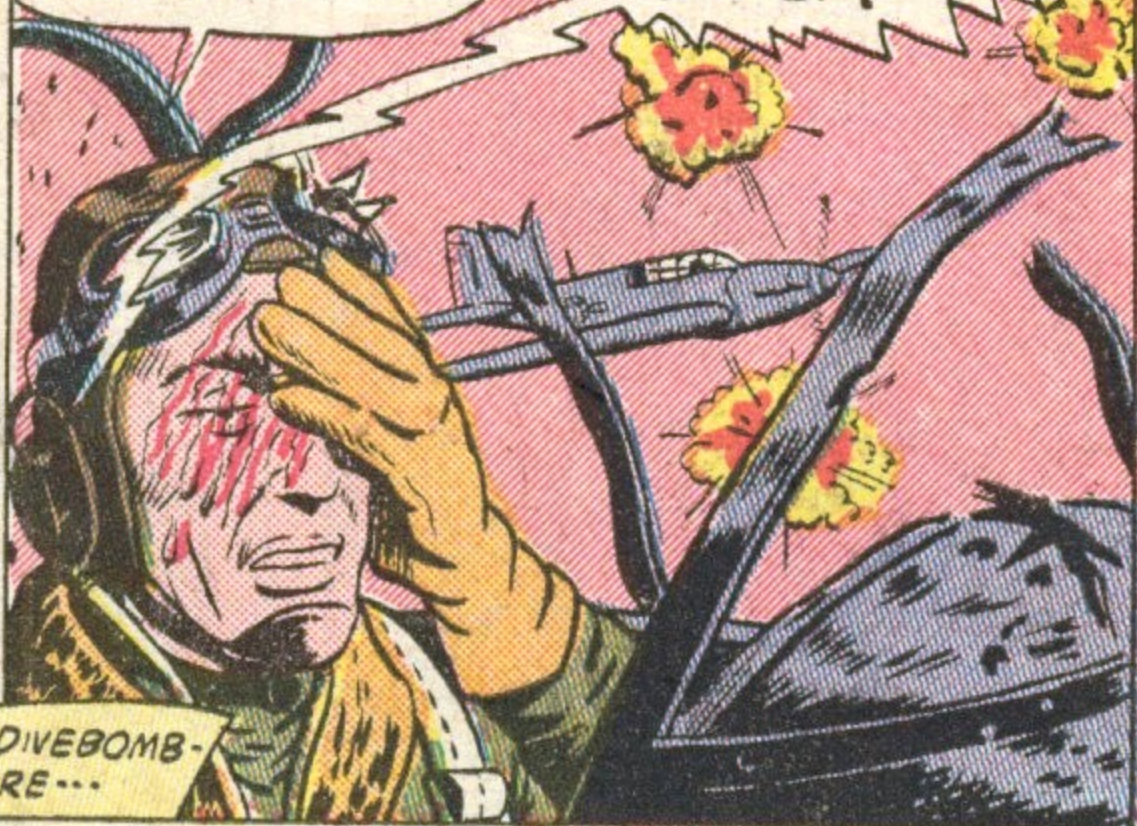


ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL INCIDENTS OF THE KOREAN WAR OCCURRED THE DAY ENSIGN HENRY POLLETT, FLYING A SKYRAIDER DIVEBOMBER OFF THE CARRIER VALLEY FORGE, WAS HIT BY COMMUNIST GROUND FIRE...

THE ACK-ACK BURST TORE THE CANOPY OFF THE PLANE AND BADLY LACERATED THE FACE OF THE PILOT...WHO WAS BLINDED BY HIS OWN BLOOD!

THIS...THIS IS BLUE FOUR...I...I'M BLINDED! SOMEONE TELL ME WHERE I'M AT!

BLUE THREE CALLING BLUE FOUR...GET YOUR LEFT WING UP...UP!



BLUE THREE WAS LIEUT. (JG) CARL ROSS, WHO HEARD POLLETT'S CRY FOR HELP OVER THE INTERCOM AND SPOTTED THE DAMAGED PLANE IN A SHALLOW DIVE! THE BLIND PILOT GROPINGLY OBEYED HIS WINGMAN'S INSTRUCTIONS...AND ROSS HOVERED BEHIND, CALMLY GUIDING HIS BUDDY THROUGH THE CLOUDS!

YOU'RE DOING SWELL, CHUM! YOU'RE NOW OVER SOME RED POSITIONS... SO THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO JETTISON YOUR BOMBS!

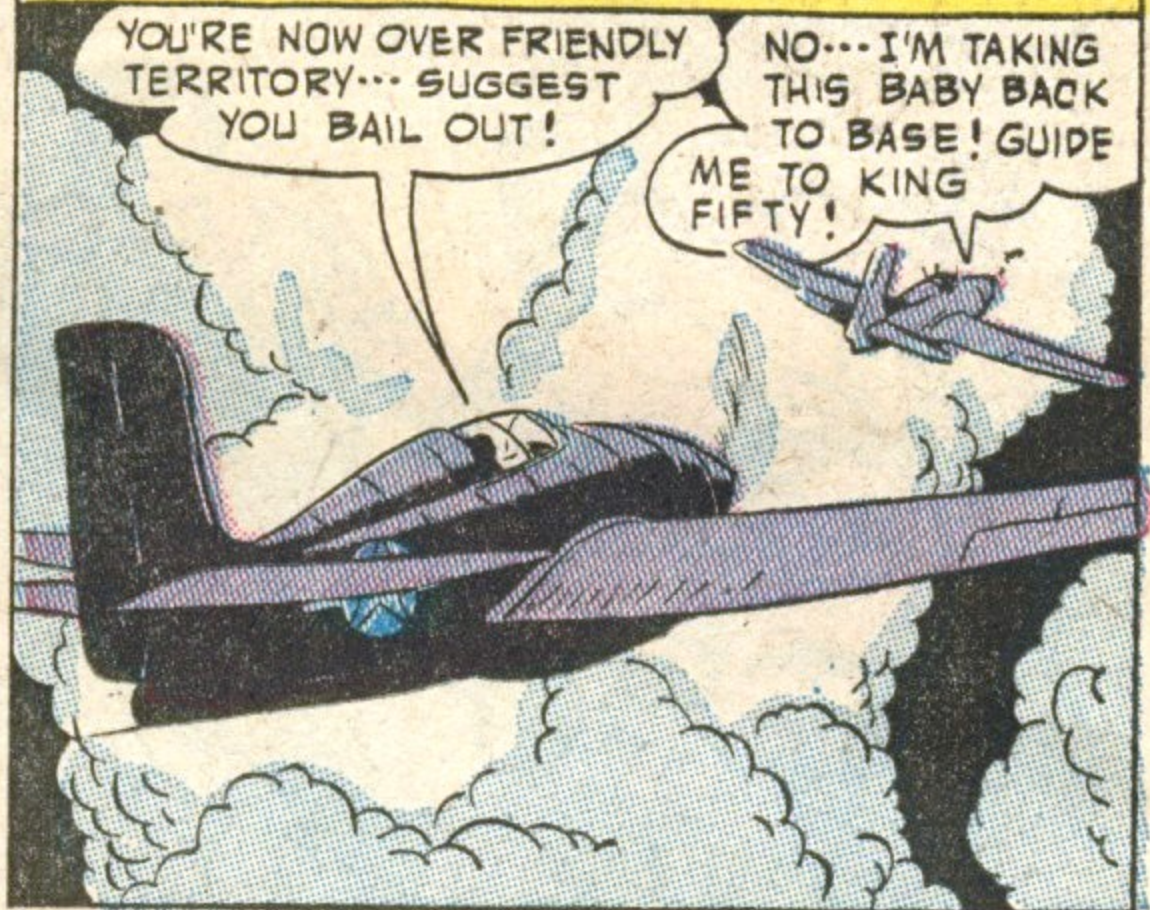
CHECK...WILL JETTISON BOMBS!



THE LIEUTENANT CHECKED THE ENSIGN'S EVERY MOVE, CIRCLING HIM BACK TOWARD SOUTH KOREA, CORRECTING EACH WING DIP AND ANTICIPATING EACH AERIAL HAZARD!

YOU'RE NOW OVER FRIENDLY TERRITORY... SUGGEST YOU BAIL OUT!

NO...I'M TAKING THIS BABY BACK TO BASE! GUIDE ME TO KING FIFTY!

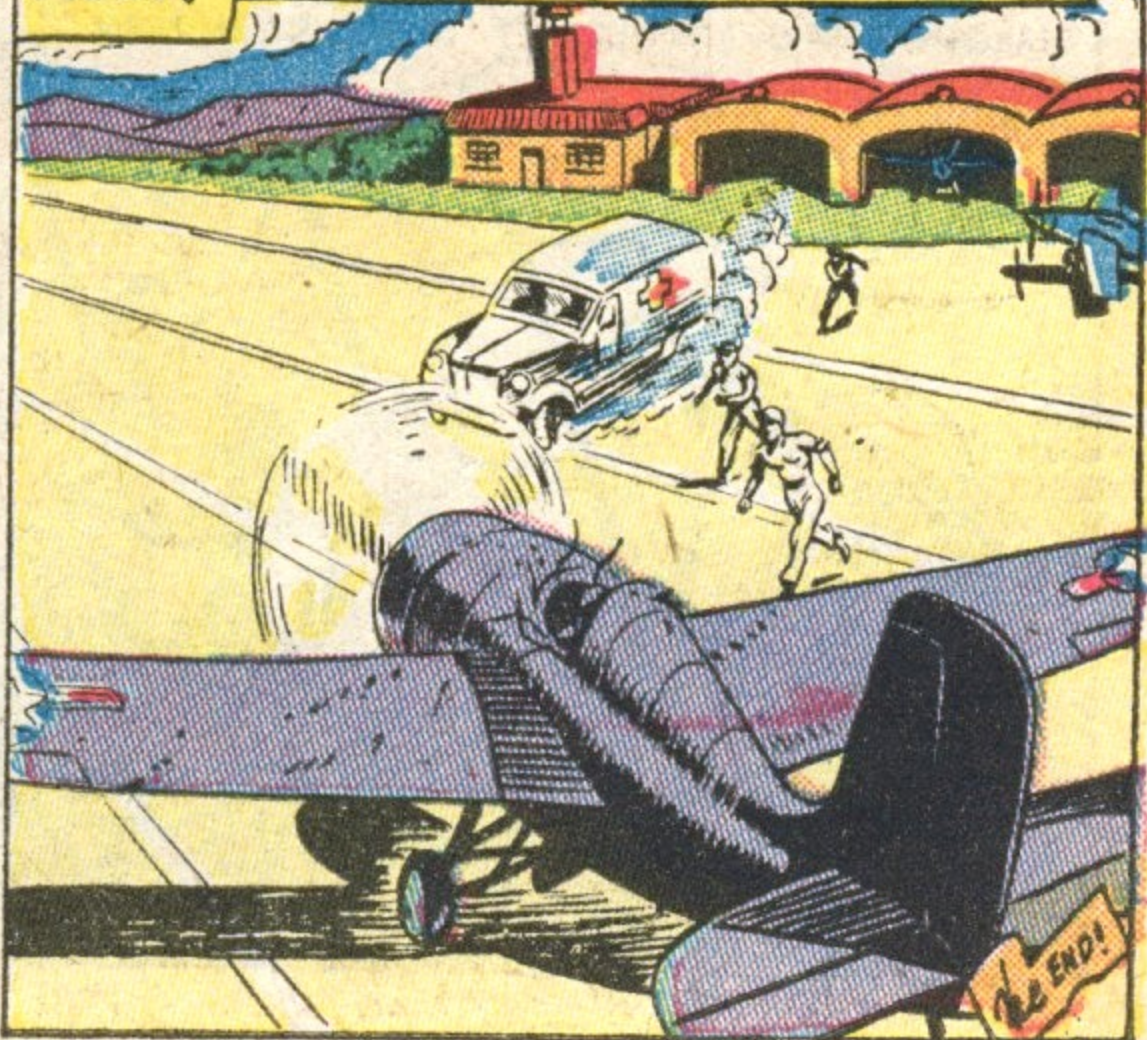


REALIZING THAT THE WOUNDED PILOT WOULDN'T BE SWAYED, LT. ROSS RODE HERD ON THE TAIL OF THE BATTERED SKYRAIDER...AND LANDED IT ON THE EMERGENCY U.N. AIRSTRIP KNOWN AS KING FIFTY JUST AS THOUGH HE WERE SETTING HIS OWN PLANE DOWN!

FLAPS DOWN...NOSE HER DOWN SOME MORE...RIGHT WING UP... UP...HOLD HER STEADY...THROTTLE BACK MORE...THAT'S GOT IT! YOU'RE NOW ABOUT SIX FEET OVER THE RUNWAY...SET HER DOWN EASY!



ENSIGN HENRY POLLETT LANDED RATHER BUMPILY...BUT HE LANDED WHOLE...THANKS TO HIS "SEEING EYE" PILOT!



You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE

TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

NOW

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest



Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
—R. F. Kelley
Director
Physical

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!



Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

Buy Now at our Low Low PRICES!

Hi! I'm GINGER!
the Doll whose HAIR
YOU CAN WAVE!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT

NEW!

only \$3.98 complete

TERRIFIC VALUE!

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of . . . plastic curlers . . . rubber waving bands . . . waving end papers . . . plastic comb . . . and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

NEW MYSTERY FISH-BOWL

AMAZING

Specially priced at only **2.98**

WHAT KEEPS THE WATER IN THE LOOP?

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

- IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT
- BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC GYM
- FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP
- DECORATES END TABLES, BOOKCASES, ETC.

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 PCS.

NURS-A-DOLLY

COMPLETE NURSING SET

- She drinks; She wets!
- Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
- 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother—this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper . . . comes with complete feeding equipment—21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle; formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. **SEND NO MONEY** (C. O. D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only \$3.98 Complete

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

"Happy" the Cowboy

I'm Terrific!

HYA PARDNA

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make **HAPPY** the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine! Only \$2.98 Complete

SEND NO MONEY! C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order. . . We pay postage.

SEND COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept. AG-3
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M. O. ☐ C. O. D. plus postage

<input type="checkbox"/> FISH-BOWL	\$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Ginger	\$3.98
<input type="checkbox"/> Happy the Cowboy	\$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Nurs-A-Dolly	\$3.98

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____